CHANGES:
OR,
Love in a Maze.

A COMEDIE,

As it was presented at the Private House in *Salisbury Court*, by the Company of His Majesties Revels.

Written by IAMES SHIRLEY, Gent.

Desertæ per avia dulcis
Raptas Amor.

LONDON:
Printed by *G. P.* for *William Cooke*, and are to be sold at his shop neere *Furnivals* Inne gate in *Holborne*, 1632.

ASHLEY
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TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE, THE LADY DOROTHIE SHIRLEY.

MAdame, who make the glory of your blood
No priviledge at all to be leſſe good;
Pardon the rudeneſſe of a Comedy,
That (taught too great ambition) would fly
To kiſſe your white hand, and receive from thence
Both an authority, and innocence.
'Tis not this great man, nor that Prince, whoſe fame
Can more advance a Poem, than your name,
To whoſe cleere vertue truth is bound, and we,
That there is ſo much left for Hiſtory.
I doe acknowledge cuſtome, that to men
Such Poems are preſented; but my pen
Is not engag'd nor can allow too farre
A *Salick* Law in Poetry, to barre
Ladies th'inheritance of wit, whoſe ſoule
Is active, and as able to controule,

As some usurpe the Chaire, which write a stile
To breath the Reader better than a mile;
But no such empty titles buy my flame,
Nor will I sinne so much, to shew their name
In print; some servile Muses be their drudge,
That sweat to finde a Patron, not a Iudge.
To you, great Lady, then, in whom doe meet
Candor and Iudgement, humble as your feet
I vow these Papers, wishing you may see
Ioyes multiplied, to your eternitie.

Your Honors devoted Seruant,

IA. SHIRLEY.

Prologus.

THat Muſe whoſe Song within another Spheare
Hath pleaſed ſome, and of the beſt, whoſe eare
Is able to diſtinguiſh ſtraines that are
Cleare, and Phebean, from the popular,
And ſinfull dregs of the adulterate braine,
By mee ſalutes your Candor once againe;
And begs this noble favour, that this place,
And weake performances may not diſgrace
His freſh Thalia; 'las our Poet knowes
Wee have no name, a torrent overflowes
Our little Iland, miſerable wee,
Doe every day play our owne Tragedy:
But 'tis more noble to create than kill,
Hee ſaies, and if but with his flame, your Will
Would joyne, wee may obtaine ſome warmth, and prove
Next them that now doe ſurfeit with your love.
Encourage our beginning, nothing grew
Famous at firſt, and Gentlemen, if you
Smile on this barren Mountaine, ſoone it will,
Become both fruitfull and the Muſes hill.

The

The Actors names.

Master *Goldsworth*, father to *Chrysolina* and *Aurelia*.
Master *Woodhamore*, Vncle to *Eugenia*.
Master *Thornay*, Master *Gerard*, Master *Yongrave* } Gentlemen Lovers of *Chrysolina*, *Aurelia* and *Eugenia*.
Master *Caperwit*, a Poetaster.
Sir *Gervace Simple*.
Bird, *Caperwits* Page.
Thumpe, Sir *Gervaces* Man.
Servants.
Dancer.
Mistresse *Goldsworth*.
Chrysolina.
Aurelia.
Eugenia.

CHANGES,

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OR,
Loue in a Maze.

Actus primus, Scena prima.

Enter at one doore Sir Iohn Wood-hamers, and Master Goldsworth, at the other M. Gerard, and Master Tengreue.

Goldſ.

Heard your Neece, Sir, was not well, you ſhould incourage her to take the aire ſome times.

Woo. Indeed ſhee's ſomewhat melancholy, and keepes
Her chamber:

Gol. 'T may prove inconvenient for
Her health, does ſhe not languiſh for a husband?
Take heed oth' greene diſeaſe.

Woo. I'le finde a cure,
If that will doe't, your daughters are not yet
Diſpos'd of?

Gol. No, but we have clients daily
That viſit their affections; and while
We are ſpeaking, here is one.

Woo.

Wen. He, which at times yo[illegible] Master *Yongrave*,
Hee would engage his service to my Neece,
I shall not thinke him worthy, if he dares
Two flaires afoot.

Gol. He is a stranger to me,
But Master *Gerard* that holds conference with him,
Maintaines some correspondence with my daughters:
Pray let's observe.

Ge. Prethee come, venter in.

Yon. No farther, you have obligation;
Excuse me, I have affaires, some other time
Ile waite on you.

Ge. What needes this ceremony?
The faire ones will not blast you.

Yon. 'Twere a sinne,
To thinke their beames could hurt.

Ge. Faith, I could wish
Thy affection not ingag'd, there's so much beauty
And goodnesse in this paire of sisters.

Yon. Doe not
Make me suspect your friendship, you would wish
Me miserable, not that I dispute
Their merit, but I must not yeeld to that
Will bring my faith and honour into question:
I have a Mistris, be you happy Sir in yours.

Woo. I like this well, lets interrupt 'em;
Good fortune Master *Yongrave*.

Yon. You are Sir,
Most opportunely met.

Gol. Kinde Master *Gerard*.

Yon. I had a present resolution,
To visit you at home, and your faire kind woman.

Ge. I shall be bold.

Gol. Pray enter.

Woo. Wee'l together, I take my leave.

Ge. I am your humble servant.

Woo. Come Master *Yongrave*.

Exeunt.

Gol.

Go. This *Gerard* is a Gentleman of handsome parts,
And they say fortun'd, diligent in's courtship:
But it concernes me to be carefull in
Disposing of my children.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir *Gerrard Simple* Sir, is newly entred,

Gol. His wisdome must be welcome: there's a Knight
With Lordships, but no mannors, one that has
But newly cast his country skin, came up
To see the fashions of the Towne, has crept
Into a Knight-hood which he paid for heartily,
And in his best clothes is suspected for
A Gentleman.

Enter Sir Ger. Simple, and his man Thumpe.

Sim. *Thumpe*, I have not yet the face to speake to her, but
'Tis no matter, and I can get her fathers and mothers good
will.

Thu. You have her mothers already.

Sim. I, I, shee's a Matron as they say, I came over her with
My Knight-hood, and begot a consent upon her quickly: I
Perceive 'tis an advantage for a man to wear spurres,
The rowell of Knight-hood does gingle in the care of their
Understanding.

Thu. I doe wonder Sir, that you speake so well now, and
Want the audacity as they say to talke to your Mistresse.

Sim. So do I too, but I cannot help it: I was a Gentleman
Thou knowest but tother day. I have yet but a few
Complements, within a while I shall get more impudence
And then have at her.

Thu. The father.

Sim. Pray heaven you may be sav'd, Sir.

Go. Y'are charitable.

Sim. I am come Sir to doe my business.

Go. How Sir?

Sim. You may imagine as they say, and so forth, your
Daughter is a very fine Gentlewoman and may in time
be a Lady,

For I doe love her by this Mullet, there's a touch of my Heraldry.

Gol. Have you acquainted her, How much you meane to honour us, how farre Have you engaged her liking?

Sim. Nay, I ne'r spoke to her in my life, nor do not meane in haſt.

Gol. How Sir?

Sim. Not in haſt Sir, 'twere no good manners to ſpeake haſtily to a Gentlewoman, to talke poſt (as they ſay) to his Miſtreſſe; I am reſolv'd to have your conſent firſt, and then.

Gol. It argues your diſcretion;

Sim. I think ſo, ſome wiſer than ſome, faith how doe y'like my face.

Gol. I have ſeene worſe in a beard,

Sim. Oh, ho, I tooke my choiſe of forty, this morning.

Gol. Did you ſo?

Sim. My man knowes I broke a Looking-glaſſe into forty pieces, I am ſure, and this was the beſt face I could finde among 'Em all, look in my forehead, haſt any skill in Palmiſtry?

Gol. Not I, Sir.

Sim. But this is nothing to the purpoſe (as they ſay,) Where is my beautifull Miſtreſſe, your Daughter?

Gol. Which of e'm?

Sim. No matter which.

Gol. They are both within.

Sim. Oh, 'tis well, I will not ſpeake with her, I told you Before, but I hope I ſhall have your good Will.

Gol. You meane to marry her.

Sim. My Chaplaine ſhall.

Gol. You are witty; I hope Sir, you will give me leave (as They ſay) to deliberate, for after your example, I would Doe nothing raſhly, I will not give you my conſent in Haſt Sir.

Sim.

Sim. 'Tis wisdome, I can tarry, 'tis fit I should, commend
Me to the Virgin.

As he goes forth he wootes Mistris Goldsworth.

Mis. What, leaving us already, noble Sir?
Why husband, what doe y' meane? no more respect
To a man honorable? y'are not going Sir?

Sim. Yes faith, I love to be going, I cannot abide to stand
Still. *Thumpe*, take off my cloake; does my Rapier become
Me?

Thu. Excellent well.

Sim. This 'tis to be a compleat Gentleman, what a coxcombe was I before I came to towne, the countrey breeds so many Clownes; dost thinke my tenants will know mee now I am disguised

Go. But what assurance can he give me, wife,
That he is able to get children?
For that's a thing materiall; I would not
Willingly sacrifice my daughter to
An Eunuch, and such a one may that Knight be,
For ought I know.

Mis. What doe you talke of children?
Is he not honorable, a proper Knight?

Sim. She does commend mee; doe not put on my cloke yet, let her survey my person.

Mis. Shall not our daughter be a Lady, and I a
Ladies mother? And the Heralds know
That is some priviledge, you have seene many Eunuches
With a blacke beard; he is a man I warrant him,
He has the right haire, Husband, for a woman,
I know it by experience; tell not me,
Suppose he were an Eunuch, he I say
Is honorable, and any body can get children,
That's the least thing of a hundred
And the woman be but fruitfull.

Sim. Now Ile take my leave.

Mis.

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Gol. Have you acquainted her,
How much you meane to honour us, how farre
Have you engaged her liking?

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And the woman
Sim. Now Ile take my leave.

FOXING.

Mist.

Mis. Wil't please you Sir, to walke in, and speake to my daughter?

Sim. No, I thinke it not the best way to speake to her, as I said,
In hast, what if I had an inventory of my good parts
First drawne to prepare her.

Gol. And his father had not left him more land than braine,
His worship had beene but a poore foole.

Sim. Well, if she understand signes, have at her.

Mis. Come, I will direct you. *Exeunt.*

Gol. My wife is passionate and affects this Knight
For's title, but I hope my daughter will

Enter Servant.

Submit to my election: how now?

Ser. Here is a Gentleman desires accesse to you.

Gol. A Gentleman?

Ser. He may be a Lord by his traine,
A Page waites on him.

Gol. Some fresh Inamorato.

Enter Caperwit, and his Page.

Cap. Save you Sir.

Gol. And you Sir.

Cap. You doe not know me?

Gol. Not I Sir.

Cap. 'Tis very likely: you have a daughter.

Gol. I have two.

Cap. Two? the better, there is more choise,
They want husbands.

Gol. 'Twill become my care to provide 'm good ones.

Cap. You say well, what doe y' thinke of me?

Gol. I know you not.

Cap. You told me that afore: may I see 'm?

Gol. They are not to be let out Sir by lease,
Or yeerely rent.

Cap. You mistake me; I come not for a lodging.

Gol. Nor to lye with them?

Cap.

Cap. I come to take 'm Sir, another way:
What portions have they?

Go. You should be a purse-taker, by your enquirie
After their mony, they have a round portion, Sir.

Cap. What's that?

Go. A cipher.

Cap. How?

Go. Nothing. I hope you have no mind to marry.

Cap. Ex nihilo nihil fit. I came to offer my selfe a
Servant in affection to one of your daughters, but
Nothing has converted me.

Go. Doe y' heare Sir, a fine humorist: if they marry with
My consent, I can make figures, which added to
Their ciphers, may make up 1000. pound apiece: what
Is your name?

Cap. My name is *Caperwit.*

Go. Y'ave a dancing Name, I doe not thinke, but you
Write all the Coranto's.

Ca. Wit! wit by *Mercury*! I shall loue thy daughters the
Better for that: doe they affect Poetry?

Go. They reade nothing else.

Ca. Then they are wise; 'tis a Seraphicke contemplation;
I'le furnish them with the most excellent Poems---

Go. Of your owne composition?

Ca. That is intimated, when I say excellent;
Your daughters shall be judge, let 'm vouchsafe
A subject to my muse, and prove the height
Of my imaginations.

Go. They are entring.

Enter Gerard, Chrisolina, Aurelia.

Cap. Thus breakes *Aurora* from the Easterne hills,
And chaseth night away, let me salute
Your rosie cheeke---

Ch. Good morrow to you Sir, there is but one *Aurora*,
What doe y' make my Sister pray?

Cap. She is the Sun it selfe.

Au. No Sir, I am the daughter of that Gentleman,

No

No ſunne Ile aſſure you.

Ca. Whoſe golden beames doe gild this lower world,
Transfixing hearts, converting ribs of ice
Into a flame.

Ge. What buffonry is this?

Ch. Lets heare his ſpeech out, and my Siſter be the Sunne,
Wee ſhall have day enough: a pretty Pageant!

Au. Prethee doe not minde him.

Cap. Virgins, that equall all the graces, and
Only in this, that you are two, beneath them.
The miracles of beauty! for whoſe eyes
The Perſians might forſake their god, and pay
Religious honour to this flame--whats he?

Go. A Gentleman, that would endeare himſelfe.

Cap. Has he any fancies in him? Can he raviſh
The Ladies?

Go. Raviſh Ladies Sir? that's a dangerous matter.

Ca. How many raptures does he talke a day?
Is he tranſported with Poeticke rage?
When was he ſtil'd Imperiall wit? who are
The Prince Electors in his Monarchy?
Can he like Celtick *Hercules*, with chaines
Of his divine tongue, draw the gallant tribe
Through every ſtreete, whilſt the grave ſenator
Points at him, as he walkes in triumph, and
Doth wiſh, with halfe his wealth, he might be young,
To ſpend it all in Sack, to heare him talke
Eternall Sonnets to his Miſtris? ha?
Who loves not verſe is damn'd---

Go. How Sir? This Gentleman dares fight.

Cap. Who will fight with him?

Go. You doe not know his diſpoſition.

Cap. But I will, Sir; I have a great ambition to be of your acquaintance, I hope you will excuſe theſe fancies of mine, though I were borne a Poet I will ſtudy to be your ſervant in Proſe, yet if now and then my braines doe ſparkle, I cannot helpe it, raptures will out, my Motto is *Quicquid conabor*,

her, the midwife wrapt my head up in a sheet of Sir *Philip Sidney* that inspired me, and my nurse descended from old *Chaucer*, my conversation has beene among the furies, and if I meete you in *Apollo*, a pottle of the best *Ambrosia* in the house, shall waite upon you.

Enter Sir Gervase Simple, and Mistris Goldsworth.

Mis. They are here Sir, at full view. *Cap.* What's he?

Mis. A Knight Ile assure you. *Cap.* Does he come
A wooing to the Ladies? *Gol.* After the Spanish fashion---
A farre off. *Mis.* Daughter, I must counsell you to respect
This honorable man, you doe not know
What 'tis to be a Lady, and take place,
Such titles come not every day, observe
With what a comely garbe he walkes, and how
He bends his subtle body, take him a my word,
A man of his complection loves a woman naturally.

Cap. A pretty motion. *Mis.* Pray come neerer Sir.

Sim. You shall pardon me for that, I know
My distance. *Cap.* Will he not speake to her?

Gol. You should doe well to furnish him with an oration, a spoonefull of *Aganippe's* well, and a little of your Salt, would season, if not pickle him. *Cap.* Should I so wast the bright *Minerva's* dew, to pickle a Mushrome?

Sim. Thumpe, she lookes uponme, to say truth, I am but a bashfull puppy. *Thu.* Your worship is more than a puppy.

Sim. I, I know I am an old dog at her mother, but and I should be hang'd, I have not impudence enough to speak to her: does not that Gentleman laugh at mee?

Thu. He is very merry with her father.

Sim. 'Tis very suspitious, would I had a good jest to get of withall. *Au.* You shall command the duty of a daughter,
But I hope mother, you will give me leave
To love before I marry, I have yet
No argument of his affection,
But what you please to bring me, it becomes not
My modesty to court him, and give up
My heart before I heare him say, he meanes

To meete and entertaine it.

Mis. 'Tis a fault, and I must blame him, that he is no forwarder. *Ca.* I will accuse him.— *Gol.* Doe so.

Au. Love, forgive me this excuse, my heart is fixt,
I finde another written here. *Ca.* I doe salute you, venerable Sir. *Sim.* You may salute me at your pleasures, but you are mistaken, I am no more venerable than your selfe; my name is Sir *Gervace Simple*. *Thu.* And I am one of his Gentleman Vshers, Sir, that follow him. *Ca.* Heroick Sir, I doe adore your physnomy. Now by the dust of my Progenitors—

Sim. There's a fine oath! *Ca.* You looke like the Nine Worthies. *Sim.* I have been taken for 'em a hundred times.

Cap. Fairer than *Plutos* selfe, king of the shades.

Sim. That King was a poore kinsman of mine, and indeed Wee had one complexion. *Ca.* The Divell you had?

Sim. Sir, I am sorry, I cannot stay wi'y, but pray if you meete any of the nine Worthies, or my Cosen *Pluto*, commend me to 'em, I shall be glad to meete you, or them, at any Taverne, betweene *Cheape* and *Charingcrosse*, and so I remaine yours, or not his owne, *fait's complement.*

Mis. When will you please Sir *Gervace*, to visit us agen? Nay, it shall be yours. *He complements.*

Sim. Now my foot's in. *Exeunt.*

Ca. But that I see't, I should not have beleeved there were such a foole in nature. *Ge.* In this variety of servants, I
Acknowledge you greatly honour me, and in the presence
Of both your parents to vouchsafe this favour,
Doubly obliges me. *Ch.* You are most welcome.

Au. You may beleeve my sister, she n'er speakes
But by direction of her heart. *Ger.* I am confident,
Nor hath she any vertue, which you doe not
Divide with her; your twins in birth and goodnesse!

Au. Y'are bountifull in character.

Gol. Ile not oppose you Sir, and you can winne their opinion. *Cap.* 'Tis enough, I shall be proud to serve you;
But at this present, with your noble licence,
I take my leave, there is a Lord expects

To

To meete me at a Taverne, that has come
Fourescore and nineteene mile, to heare an elegy of
My composition. *Gol.* He deserves to enjoy you.
Cap. Ile attend the Ladies, when my starres will be more
propitious, ith' interim wearing your beautifull figures in
my heart, I kisse your white hand--- *Exit.*
Ger. I thinke the stocke of his discourse be wasted,
And he returnes to take up more on's credit,
Vntill he breake agen, the Towne is full
Of these vaineglorious flashes. *Gol. Chrisolina,*
You see what store of servants yee attract,
Plenty of loners but I hope you will
Be ruld, and take my counsell; which of all
And be plaine wi'mee, hold you best opinion of?
Ch. You will not Sir, be angry if I answer you justly.
Gol. No no, tell me. *Ch.* I confesse,
I now doe feele the power of love, untill
That Gentleman--- *Gol.* Which, which Gentleman?
Ch. By his faire merit, won my hearts consent,
I had my freedome. *Gol.* Master *Gerard*?
Ch. The same, oh Sir, there's no comparison
With him and those that proffer us their service:
Sir *Gervace* is but title, tother noise,
Empty of all reality and worth,
There is my choise, more pretious to my thoughts, *Pointing*
Than all mankind without him, and I hope *to Ger.*
You will be kind in your allowance Sir.
Gol. You might have us'd lesse haste in your election,
Or first acquainted me, you shall doe well
To keepe possession of your heart awhile;
But Ile consider; send your sister to me:
What say you daughter to Sir *Gervace*?
An. Nothing, as much as he hath said to me.
I affect worth, not shew; and in my choise
I hope your judgement Sir will meete. *Gol.* I like this well,
be obedient. *An.* What thinke you Sir, of Master *Gerard*?
Gol. You doe not love him? *An.* I should then bely

My heart when I deny him my best love,
He needes not boast his worth, like those whom Nature
And Art have left unfurnish'd, hee's a man
For birth, for education, for his fortune,
Worthy a nobler wife, than shee that now
Commends him to you. *Gol.* Would you marry him?

An. I know not that man in the world beside,
I would call husband, in my soule I am
Already his, and if you will not be
Held cruell to your daughter--- *Gol.* How's this?
Both in love with the same man? my care will be
To a great purpose, this is very strange;
Send your sister to me; come hither, come hither,
You are not yet contracted to that Gentleman.

Ch No such thing has past. *Go.* But you are content to take him for your bridegroome, I meane Master *Gerard*.

Ch. And call it happinesse; *Go.* Your mother calls: so, so, doe you heare? *Aurelia*, doe you love that Gentleman?

Au. Yes. *Gol.* Very good, when your wedding clothes come home, pray give me leave to pay for 'em, and the dinner too. I say nothing of a portion, goe after your sister: hum, this is very pretty, faith, let me be bold to aske you a question Sir. *Ger.* My answer shall be just, and free.

Gol. Which of my daughters doe you love best?
As y'are a Geneleman the truth, if you affect either, it
Is quickly answered. *Ge.* The truth is, as you aske, I love neither. *Gol.* How, doe you love none of 'em both, they are very well rewarded. *Ge.* Love neither of them best, they are so equall in beauty, and desert, by both I sweare, I cannot preferre any. *Gol.* You'd not have two wives against the Statute?

Ge. When I have the happinesse to speak with one alone,
Theres so much sweetnesse in her, such a troope
Of graces waiting on her words and actions,
I love her infinitely, and thinke it blessing
To see her smile, but when the tother comes
In presence, in her eie she brings a charme

To

To make me dote on her; I am divided,
And like the trembling Needle of a Dyall,
My heart's afraid to fixe, in such a plenty
I have no starre to sayle by. *Gol.* This is strange!
Than all the rest, but doe you love e'm both?
Ger. I dare not call it my misfortune Sir,
And yet I know not. —— *Gol.* What will become o'this?
I'st possible? My daughter will be mad if this humour
Hold, and I am little better while I thinke on't;
Ile to e'm agen. *Exit.*
Ger. On whom shall I complaine for my hard fate?
Love is not innocent enough to bee
A child, yet Poets give him Deity,
Fond men! prove it in me, thou quiverd Boy,
That love with equall flame two Mistresses,
I will beleeve thee a god, and kisse thy dart,
Furnish my bosome with another heart. *Exit.*

Actus Secundus.

Enter Sir Iohn Woodhamore, *Master* Yongrave.

Woodhamore.

I Am her Keeper; expect here a while,
And Ile prepare her. *Exit.*
Yon. Ile attend; poore Gentlewoman,
Borne with more freedome than thou livest, thy parents
Left thee not rich to be a prisoner,
Nay worse, a prey to this hard man, who hath
Sold thee already, for if I obtaine
Thy love-- I heare e'm comming.

Enter Eugenia. Woodham.

Wood. Gentle Neece,
Misconster not my actions, 'tis my care
Of thee, and to satisfie the duty

I owe to my dead Brother, thy kinde parent;
I thus restraine thee, thou art young, and canst not
Being so good thy selfe, suspect the world
Hath any false men in't; I know there are
Gallants, that study to undoe such Virgins
As thou art, that will flatter and betray
Thy fortunes to their rior, this unhappinesse
I would prevent, and have new found a man,
Into whose armes I may deliver up
The wealth that I am trusted with.

Eug. Hee's welcome: Pray what's your businesse?

Ton. You may understand, partly by what your Uncle hath delivered.

Eug. You come a wooing doe ye not? Heigho!

Ton. How's this?

Woo. I'le leave you at opportunity. *Exit.*

Eug. Troth, if you be a good man, bee not tedious,
I doe not love set speeches nor long praises,
I hope y'ave made no verses o'my haire,
Acrosticks o'my name, I hate them worse
Than witchcraft, or the place I live in: if
You be a sutor, put me out of my paine,
Quickly I beseech you.

Ton. I am one would be your servant.

Eug. My servant? what can you doe?

Ton. I can love you.

Eug. I cannot helpe it, 'tis none of my fault.

Ton. Your beauty makes me,
Which cannot bee without as faire a soule.
I dare beleeve my eyes, which till this present,
Could never reach more than your face, and that
At too unkind a distance, from your window;
I have enquired your fortune, and lamenting
With loving pitty, such a noble creature
Should be confind to narrow limits, come
To bring you freedome, make you mistresse of
Your liberty, and my selfe, if you can thinke

Me

Me worthy of your love: I doe not court
Your fortune, but your selfe, and if I urge
With too much haste, what great ones might be proud
To expect, after much suite, and that you cannot
Finde in your tongue consent, encourage me,
But for the present with one smile. *Eug.* I cannot,
Vnlesse I counterfeit, I have not smil'd
These ten moneths; if a sigh will pleasure you,
I can afford enough to breake your heart,
And yet I live. Walke into the other roome,
You'l find an alteration in the ayre,
And thinke you come into a mist, which I
Made all with my owne sighes, but I would not
Infect you so; you seeme an honest Gentleman.

Yon. Her sorrowes helpe the growth of my affection;
What will she be in peace, that is so lovely
In her distresse; I wish you would impose
Something on me, to settle your sad thoughts,
I would imbrace a danger, to assure
The quiet of your minde. *Eug.* 'Tis in the power
Of one, that would be kinde to helpe me, but——

Yon. Make me that friend. *Eug.* You may love me too much,
To undertake that taske. *Yon.* Too much I cannot.

Eug. Oh yes, for though I should esteeme him deare,
And call him my true friend, that in this storme
Would lend a cord to save me, yet such is
The misery of the imployment, he must not
Love me too well that does it. *Yon.* For more plaine
And let me never hope to be call'd yours,
If I refuse any command, that may
Or profit, or delight you. *Eug.* I release these hasty
Protestations. *Yon.* I pray trust me. *Eug.* I will, although
Every syllable you speake, makes me suspect
You will repent this freedome. If you will doe
A gratefull Office to me, in your person
Give this paper to a Gentleman.

Yon. Your name? *Eug.* In the

Yonge

You'l find it, with all necessary circumstance
To meet with him *Yon.* This all? you doe not well,
To mocke my honest heart with this cheape service.
I was in earnest, when I promisd more,
Than carriage of a letter. *Eug.* If you please
To make it then a perfect act of Noblenesse,
You may take notice, that I long have loved him,
And if you finde him cold, in the perusall:
Tell him I had the promise of his faith,
When I gave up my heart, i'th presence of
A thousand Angels, that will witnesse it:
If yet hee bee not soft to stirre up his
Compassion, tell him how I live, and languish,
You may report you saw mee weepe, I have not
Much more to say, if you will doe this favour,
Twill be an argument of your respect,
I see your resolution cooles already.

Yon. Tis a severe imployment, but Ile doe
Something, pray honour mee to kisse your hand,
I have not yet deserv'd to reach your lippe:
Content dwell in your bosome.

Enter Woodhamore.

Wood. What successe? *Yon.* I hope well, some affaires
Call mee away. *Exit.*

Wood. Good Master *Yongrave:* how doe you like this
Gentleman. *Eug.* I shall desire to see him agen, my heart
Is light upon sudden, please you Vncle
Ile in, and play a lesson o'my Lute. *Exit.*

Wood. Doe what you please, I relish not your ayre,
Thats onely sweet to mee that profit brings,
There is no musicke without golden strings.

Enter Chrisolina, Aurelia.

Ch. Was ever Maid so miserable in her affection?

Au. Is not my fate as cruell?
Cannot wee love him still, and yet bee sisters?
I hope we may, the love I beare to him
Shall not destroy my pitty to you.

Nature

Nature hath fram'd us two in person, but wee are both one
in heart. *Ch.* Indeed we are; Wee are too much one,
And both love one too much, for either to enjoy him.
An Say not so, give me a little time and I will try
How I can give him you, I will perswade
My heart to let him goe. *Ch.* Alas poore sister,
Why should you give him me? it is no argument;
Because I came one minute into life
Before you, therefore you should render first
To me, what is so pretious to your selfe;
Rather let me begin, that was first made
Acquainted to the world, resigne to thee,
And make thee happy by enjoying him.
An. But doe you know the miserable consequence?
For if you love him with that truth, and fervour
You speake of, (as it were a sinne in me
Not to beleeve it,) can you looke for lesse
Than death, to see mee mistresse of his faith,
And lead in nuptiall triumph to the Church?
Ch. I cannot tell. *An.* Or if it did not kill you
So soone, I know the sorrow would distract you.
How can I smile to see my sister weepe,
Away her eyes, and tell the jarring minutes
With hasty sighes to know her selfe forsaken?
Ch. And can it be, you could doe lesse, that love him
As well as I, to see him made my husband,
Would it not make you melancholy sister,
And ofte retire into the darke to weepe,
Could you behold us freely kisse, embrace
And goe to bed together, remembring that
You gave this friend to me from your owne
Heart, and live? *An.* Why let me dye then,
Rather than you, I shall perhaps obtaine
Some charitable Epitaph, to tell
The world, I died to save my sisters life;
Tis no such thing to dye. *Ch.* This is agen
Our misery, it is not in our power

Be resignation, to assure to either
His love, he only must determine it,
Wee cannot guide his passion. *An.* Nor himselfe
Direct it, as he now appeares divided,
May be, it would be fortunate for both,
Would he be more particular. *Ch.* That makes
Our flame increase, that he protests he loves
Vs both, so equally. *An.* 'Tis very strange.
Ch. Let us then joyne our argument to perswade him,
To point out one of us to be his Bride,
Tother in time, may hope to gaine her freedome;
I know not what I say--we both must plead

Enter Gerard.

Against our selves: see, he is come already.
Ge. The scales are even still, that one had lesse
Perfection, to make the doubtfull ballance
Give difference in their value; but I wrong
Their vertues to wish either any want,
That equally incline my soule to love 'em.
Iustice I now consent, thou should'st be blinde,
My eyes are but the cause I cannot see,
And will not give my judgement leave to make
Distinction of these two *Democritus*,
I doe allow thy rashnesse, and confesse
Then thou didst restrain thy contemplation
When thou didst lose thy sight. Which of these two,
Instruct me love, that tother? both? what fate
Hovers about my choice? Were it not sinne
I would be blind, as Poets fancie love,
Into whom now I am transform'd, that then
My soule not looking through these glasses, might
With inward speculation ayme at her,
That is the happiest, if one can be so.
Ch. Sir, if wee be not troublesome--. *Ge.* You cannot.
An. To interrupt your meditations, wee have a suite.
Ge. Both? it must needes be granted,
Ch. Nor let us suffer in our modesties,

If our request seeme strange. *Ge.* Tis a command,
And I must needes obey; you two divide this Empire;
Ch. You prepare; we dispute not
The strangenesse of your love, but pitty it,
And are so ready in our owne affection
To answer your opinion of us both,
That if you can collect, what devide
On two, and place it fairely upon one,
Choose whom you will make happie. *An.* We expect not
Your hasty answer, though wee both desire
A swift end to your trouble. *Ge.* I pray stay, *Exit.*
I would determine now, but cannot—faire ones,
Was eve rlover so perplext? I must resolve.

Enter Master Thorney.

Tho. Why how now *Franke*? what melancholy?
Ger. How came you hither? *Tho.* Why o'my feet:
I was at your lodging to enquire for you,
And here they told me I should finde you. *Ge.* Yes,
Here I am lost indeed; prethee excuse my dulnesse.
Tho. What's the matter, come I ghesse
The cause, which of these Genelewomen is't? I saw 'em.
Ge. Didst? and how dost like 'em prethee?
Tho. I doe like 'em so well, that I could wish—
Ge. Which, which of them? *Tho.* Faith I cannot tell, the
worst of 'em both a-bed wi'me. *Ge.* Thy wishes are
Not modest; couldst thou love one of them nobly?
Ha? thou hast a person and fortune to invite thy
Entertainement, come let me counsell you. *Tho.* To what?
Ge. To love, and to a blessing: couldst thou see
So sweet a paire, and feele no burning shaft?
Hast thou a soule about thee, that is capable
Of knowledge and delight? didst ever love?
Tho. Yes once, and I thinke heartily, for the time,
But I ha'drowned her. *Ge.* How?
Tho. In Sacke, I thinke as gallants lose their Mistresses,
By drinking their health too often.
Ge. Prethee doe not misse

Tho. What would'st have me answer? I can love.
Ge. A woman? *Tho.* What dost make of mee?
Ge. With honour? *Tho.* And honesty, if I see cause.
Ge. Enough; thou shalt have cause
Within two minutes, shalt but see agen
These sisters, and be proud to be a servant,
I propheſie already; oh my friend!
Tho. Pray take me wi'you.
Ge. Yes, thou shalt goe with me
And speake to 'em, and be amaz'd as I am,
To know there are such creatures.
Tho. I ha'seene a multitude of faire ones.
Ge. All other women
Are but like pictures in a gallery,
Set off to th'eye, and have no excellency
But in their distance; but these two, farre off
Shall tempt thee to just wonder, and drawne neere
Can satisfie thy narrowest curiosity:
The stocke of woman hath not two more left,
To rivall them in graces. *Tho.* You speake for 'em,
I may goe farther, and fare worse,---. Ile not
Consider more on't, lets to 'em, stay---
Which of these two's your mistresse? let me know
Where to direct my service.
Ge. That question
Hath puzled mee already.
Tho. Say, which is't you best affect?
Ge. I love em both, so equally,
I know not which to name.
Tho. How, both? what then
Should I doe with em? art thou mad? *Ge.* A little,
Containe thy selfe, and call thy reason to thee,
Although it be the cruelty of my fate,
I can be no barre to thee; I can enjoy
But one, and yet thou shalt have choice
Of both, thou art not thus my rivall,
But my friend, reliefe of my distraction, for shee

Whom

Whom thou refuseſt, if thou canſt endeare thy ſelfe to either,
In my heart ſhall meet a cleere and perfect entertainment.
Tho. Hum. *Ger.* Canſt thou reſolve? winne either,
And we both grow happy at once.
Tho. You ſay well; this is faire----
Ger. They are here.
Enter Simple and M. Goldſ. at one doore, and Thump, Chriſ. and Aurel. at the other.
Miſ. With your favour I muſt chide you Sir, not once ſpeak to
My daughter, ſhe expects to be courted with kiſſes and imbraces.
Sim. I, I, I could kiſſe her all over, and imbrace her too, but
I have an impedſiment, I cannot ſpeake as I would doe; but
let mee alone a little, Ile try, let me ſee, and I hanot forgot my
verſes. *Miſ.* Here they are, Ile not trouble you. *Exit.*
Ger. I will leave this Gentleman;
Hee is my beſt friend Ladies.
Ch. You oblige us more to reſpect him.
Ger. I hope you will be juſt,
At my returne, when I declare my ſelfe.
Au. Sir, you ſh'anot need to urge it.
Ger. I am your honourer. *Exit.*
Sim. Now *Thump*, I am reſolv'd to ſpeak to her, whatſoever
Come out; hum, hum. *Enter Mr. Goldſworth.*
Gol. What another ſuitor?
I were beſt locke up my daughters, they'l be ſmothered with
Gentlemen: Sir *Gervace* you are a welcome man.
Sim. You ſhall ſee, if I doe not ſpeake to her, now
Now, and to the purpoſe, in ſpight of the divell. *Thump*
Stroke me o'th back. *He plucks Thu. by the gowne.*
There's ſomething in my head, and t'were out.
Thu. I hope you doe not meane your braines.
Sim. Would ſomebody lov'd me, but as well, as I loved
Somebody. *Au.* Now 'tis out.
Sim. La you there, I thinke I talked to her.
Gol. But in my opinion you were quickly daunted.
Sim. Was I ſo? well marke me now, now, I will wincke
As hard as I can, and then I me ſure he cannot put me out.

Enter Caperwit. Sim. takes Cap. by the hand.

Sim. Beauty--- *Cap.* How now? what meanes this?

Sim. Let me but kisse thy hand, and tell
How much I love thee; I know very well
Thou art a Phenix, beautious and bright,
And dost burne every man for thy delight
Thy eyes are Sunne and Moone, not to be match'd.

Ch. This was intended for you sister.

Sim. Thy haire is fine as gold, thy chin is hatch'd
With silver, needs must brazen be my face,
That cannot come into thee with a grace.

Cap. Before or after meat. *Sim.* Sweet, heare me out.
But this I know, I am thy faithfull Lover,
Oh quench my fire. *Cap.* Or else the pot run's over.

Sim. Y'are in the right:
Accept me for thy servant, not thy foe,
For I doe love thee better than any man in the whole world can doe.

Cap. Come kisse me then, and open thy faire eyne.

Sim. With all my heart. *Om.* Ha, ha.

Sim. Gentlemen, rest you merry; *Thump*,
By this hand Ile bee drunke presently.

Thu. And you had taken my counsell, you had done so
Before you came hither: Wine is armour of proofe. *Exeunt.*

Cap. Ladies I am sorry, this rude fellow has
Abus'd your eare, with harsh, and unmu'd numbers.

Gol. Your verses have a tune belike

Cap. I came a purpose, to present a copie
Of verses that should make your *genius* stand
O'th tip-toe, list to me, and grow immortall.

Ch. We shall be troubled now.

Thu. If please you Lady
Weel walke a side, I have something of more weight
I would impart. *Ex.*

Au. Ile leave him too. *Exit.*

Gol. Master *Caperwit*, before you read, pray tell me,
Have your verses any adjectives?

Cap.

Cap. Adjectives, would you have a Poem without
Adjectives? they are the flowers, the grace of all our language:
A well chosen Epithete doth give new soule
To fainting Poesie, and makes every verse
A bride, with Adjectives we baite our lines,
When we doe fish for Gentlewomens loves,
And with their sweetnesse catch the nibling eare
Of amorous Ladies, with the musicke of
These ravishing Nownes, we charme the silken Tribe,
And make the Gallant melt with apprehension
Of the rare word: I will maintain t against
A bundle of Grammarians, in Poetry,
The Substantive it selfe, cannot subsist
Without an Adjective. *Gol.* But for all that,
Those words would sound more full, me thinks, that are not
So larded, and if I might counsell you,
You should compose a Sonnet cleane without 'em:
A row of stately Substantives, would march
Like *Switzers*, and beare all the field before 'em;
Carry their weight, shew faire like Deeds entold,
Not Writs, that are first made, and after fild.
Thence first came up the title of blancke verse,
You know Sir, what blancke signifies? when the sense
First framed, is tyed with Adjectives like points,
And could not hold together without wedges:
Hang't tis pedanticke, vulgar Poetry,
Let children when they versifie, sticke here,
And there these pidling words for want of matter:
Poets write Masculine numbers.

Cap. You have given me a pretty hint, tis new.

Gol. And will bee gratefull,
My daughter will affect it much the better,
And twill be honour, if shee be the first,
To whom so choice a Poem is presented.
I wish you well Sir. *Exit.*

Cap. You oblige my service,
I will bestow these verses o'my footman;

Theyle

They'l ſerve a Chambermaid, let me ſee
I want a little quickning, two or three
Infuſions of ſacke will heighten mee,
And make my *Genius* dance, then Lady, Lady—Gone?
Shee's hard of Soule, but I muſt ſupple her,
And there's a conceit new ſtrucke upon my braine
Will doo't, *iſ two* forces united conquer,
Lady grow ſoft, if merit cannot prove
Happy, wee muſt uſe policie in love. *Exit.*

Enter Chriſalina and Thorney.

Ch. No more; you doe not well to wrong your friend,
That truſts you with his boſome.
Tho. Faire one, heare mee.
Ch. He gave you welcome hither, and you practiſe
Vnworthily to ſupplant him. *Tho.* You are too
Severe, I have no thought ſo wicked Lady,
Deny me not that liberty, which all
The Creatures have, to wiſh their owne felicity;
Which cannot bee without you, hee will not
Repine to ſee mee happy in your love.
Ch. In ſeeming to extenuate your error,
You thus enlarge it, and bring into queſtion
The honour of your friend, for whom I muſt
Though weake, riſe up a Champion for his vertue,
And to beate off all argument, on your part
To move for my affection, know, he is next heaven,
The onely object of my heart, nor can it know a change.
Tho. And yet if you collect your ſelfe, you are not
The onely Miſtreſſe of his heart, your ſiſter hee loves
As well as you; your pardon faireſt, tis poſſible,
Hee may preferre her too, ſince neither piety nor law allowes,
Hee can bee husband at one time, to both.
Then let diſcretion guide you firſt to freedome,
I love you not with halfe a heart, but all;
Heaven knowes with all, at every looke you doe
Transfixe me, and can onely cure the wound
With the ſame eyes, if they but ſmile upon it.

Ch.

Ch. I must not heare you plead thus, you appeare
Nor friend to him, nor me; so fare you well. *Exit.*
Thor. I am caught, by this good day I am, and know not
How now to helpe my selfe: a handsome thing!
What a blind buzzard is this lackanapes *Cupid?*
Pox of his bird-bolt, Ile not leave her:
Yet I may be too forward; I am punish'd;
Venus, thy pardon, I beseech thee,
If thou beest not hard-hearted, as the Poets feine,
Speake to thy Boy to fetch his Arrow backe,
Or strike her with a sharpe one, make her squeake,
And Ile allow thee a Goddesse. Ha, 'tis he.

Enter Gerard.

Ger. Before thou speak it to me, let me peruse
Thy face, Ile tell my selfe how thou hast sped:
Well? is't not so? Yet doe not answer me,
That smile does not shew cleere, there is some cloud
Ith' corner of thy forehead, that would spread,
And darken all thy face.
Thor. Your Physiognomy is quite discredited.
Ger. Hast prevail'd? With which? why now thou art to tedious. *Thor.* With the eldest, *Chrysolina.*
Ger. Ha, what sound was that? With *Chrysolina?*
I prethee what of her, I love her deerely;
Thou hast not filcht away her heart, it grew with mine.
Thor. How's this?
Ger. Hast thou not seene the Woodbine,
That honey-dropping tree, and the lov'd Bryer,
Embrace with their chaste boughs, twisting themselves,
And weaving a greene net to catch the birds,
Till it doe seeme one body, while the flowers
Wantonly runne to meet and kisse each other?
So: twas betwixt us two.
Thor. I meane the yongest. *Ger.* What my *Aurelia?*
Thou canst not rob me so: the amorous Turtles
Have but their imitation from our love;
The Pelican loves not her yong so well,

That digs upon her breſt an hundred ſprings,
When in her blood ſhe bathes the innocent birds,
As I doe my *Aurelia*.

Thor. Godbwi'y',—I know not how to pleaſe you, nor to anſwer. *Ger.* I prethee ſtay.

Thor. Engage me in a buſineſſe?
Nay, thruſt me oth' lime-twigs, to ſet you
At liberty, when your owne wings were glu'd
Toth' buſh, and d'ye reward me a this faſhion?
And I had knowne it, you ſhou'd ha' fluttered.

Ger. I forgot my ſelfe, I prethee pardon me,
I will excuſe thee when thou art in love.

Thor. Then doe ſo now, and you'l be temperate and heare (me,

Ger. Speake, I am recollected.

Thor. And I am in love.

Ger. Thou didſt name both, thou art ſo unhappy.

Thor. Your humors lead me to't, but I ſhall tell you?

Ger. Which, which of them did moſt encourage thee?

Thor. Be not you paſsionate ſtill, but give me thanks,
And call me fortunate, ſhe has halfe conſented.

Ger. I ſhall be loſt ith' darke: declare which.

Thor. Which? why the eldeſt; which? *Chryſolina*.
Now be you adviſed, and court the other.

Ger. Halfe conſenting.

Thor. I may ſay three quarters, and not lye.

Ger. Tis falſe; and ſuch a ſtaine thou throweſt upon that (Virgin,
Thy blood deſerves to purge.

Thor. You doe not meane to play the foole thus:
Pox upon this madneſſe: I wo'not fight with you,
And I will love that Gentlewoman:
I thought I had done you a courteſie.

Ger. So thou haſt, if it be true.

Thor. Have you a mind to be the everlaſting madcap?
And you can couple with both, I can reſigne;
Poore Gentlewoman, ſhe'l ha' the worſt on't.

Ger. But I prethee tell me,
With what Art didſt thou ſo ſoone win her to thee?

It was ſome moneths ere I prevail'd; and were I not
Confident of thy honeſty, I ſhould
Suſpect ſome witchcraft. *Thor.* There is an Art
In wooing, not reveal'd to every man,
Which he that knowes, ſhall doe more with a Maid
In ſome minute, than others in a twelve-moneth.

Ger. 'T muſt be a luckie minute.

Thor. I, he muſt take her ith' nicke; and court her
In the preciſe minute: yet it may be, ſhe
In pitty of my ſufferings, or miſtruſting
She might not be the firſt in your election,
Inclin'd the ſooner: Now would I have you,
Without more ceremony, neglect the wench
That I have choſed: D'ye marke? neglect her,
And addreſſe all your courtſhip to the yongeſt,
Your meaning will be cleerely underſtood
A both ſides; ſo you ſhall with eaſe, enlarge
Your owne heart, fixe on one whoſe armes already
Are open to yee, and make my path direct,
Without any rub to the other. Is this ſenſe?
Obey it then; ſet on afore with your Miſtris
A hand gallop, if I overtake you not, let me ſwing
I'th bridle, and ſet a ſaddle o'my backe, and let all the
Fooles in the Towne ride me.

Ger. Wee muſt not bee too raſh, lets walke, and thinke on't. *Exeunt.*

Sic explicit Actus ſecundus.

Actus Tertius.

Enter Simple *and* Aurelia.

Sim. 'T Hart a brave Wench.

Aur. You are growne bold of late.

Sim. I thinke so, gramercy Sacke: Come kisse mee, wo't thou be a Lady? *Aur.* I have no great ambition.

Sim. Ile buy thee a Parrat to morrow, and a Monkey: Here, take this Ring.

Aur. Pray keepe it, and let me tell you Sir my mind.

Sim. And Ile tell thee mine, that's one for another.

Aur. Briefly then.

Sim. Be as briefe as you please, I can be as briefe as you, and tedious too: I know thou loves mee: Sirra, didst thinke I was such a fearefull coxcombe as I made my selfe? No, I know when to be Lion, and when to be a Hare. But prethee tell me plainely, when shall we matrimony it, ha? thou dot'st upon my good parts; come, speake to me, prethee be not bashfull.

Aur. I feare you wo'not understand me.

Sim. Speake no language, and I warrant, I know Greeke and Latine, I learn'd my Accidence.

Aur. Then know, I doe not love you, Sir.

Sim. You do not love me, Sir: then I have lost my labour.

Aur. I make no doubt it will appeare so, (Sir,
I could be of the humour of some Mistrisses,
By some slight favours to encourage you,
Accept your gifts, extoll your wit, invent
New wayes to melt your gold, beside the Exchange,
And petticoat imbroyderies.

Sim. Thou sha't have smocke imbroyderies; nay, thy very skinne shall be imbroydered.

Aur. Have every day some progresse for your Coach,
And tire you worse than your foure Flanders Mares;
And then laugh at you too: but I am honest,
And will deserve your nobler character:
I tell you what you must expect, in troth
I cannot love you, pray leave off in time,
And let this satisfie you.

Sim. This satisfie? why this is even as good nothing.

Aur. It is all that I can promise you.

Sim. Though you cannot love me,

It shall be for your honour to marry me. *Aur.* By no meanes.
Sim. VVhat, not marry me neither?
Then be no Lady, that I first pronounce:
Secondly know, I am resolved, your Mother
Shall understand it, by these Hilts.
Aur. I would advise you rather to be silent,
And take your leave like a good Christian Lover:
If you betray my honest meaning so,
And move her to impatience, I shall wish you
Ith' VVest *Indies.* *Enter Mistris Goldf.*
Sim. Here shee comes.
Mis. Sir I hope, you and my Daughter are agreed,
Aur. And the conditions please mee infinitely;
Mother you never plac'd your commendation
Vpon a Gentleman so Noble, such
Plenty of honour dwels in him, I must
Bee happy in his imbraces. *Sim.* Oh ho! Is't come about agen?
Mis. Nay nay, I told you, you should find him honourable.
Aur. Wee understand each other perfectly,
Hee has so sweet a soule, I may have any thing;
Hee has promised me the finest Parrats.
Sim. Oh I, and Madge howlets that can speake all languages.
Mis. Nay, and hee'le performe:
Well, for this act of duty, I shall finde
Some gold beside thy portion, i'th meane time
Ile move thy father to conclude the marriage:
And here hee is already.
Enter Goldf. Caperw. and Chrysol.
Aur. Looke you Sir,
These turnes you put mee too; doe not beleeve
I beare one thought more of good will for't his,
If you suspect it otherwise, because
I carry it sweet and pleasing to my mother,
Who is so zealous in your cause, I'le sweare
Your worship is the most unwelcomm'st man
I'th world to mee.
Sim. I'm glad shee is not gone yet.

Au. What need you diſtruſt?
Hee'l know preciſely when we muſt be married,
Is jealous of delayes, wo'not beleeve I love him,
Till the Prieſt hath ſeald me his i'th Church, hee ſayes.
Sim. Theſe are tricks, demurres, your daughter is not ſober.
Au. He meanes ſerious. *Sim.* She doth but mocke——
Au. Who would thinke you could diſſemble.
Miſ. Sir have patience, I have not beene ſo haſty,
To become tedious at laſt, referre that to my care;
Since you have made a marriage in your hearts,
The Church ſhall ſoone confirme it.
Au. What doey' thinke of this?
Faith yet be wiſe and leave this wooing,
I ſhall maintaine this humour to my mother,
And finde a crotchet to come off with honour, you have not
Yet my hate, pray let's bee friends, and never meet agen.
Sim. This is very fine yfaith, if I do not ſtudy ſome miſchiefe.
Au. Conceale for your owne ſhame.
Cap. How doe'y like 'em Lady? 'tpleaſd your father
To impoſe ſomewhat ſeverely on my Muſe,
But your Divine acceptance ſhall declare it
A Crowned Poem, moſt illuſtrious *Simple*,
Sim. Simple mee no more than I ſimple thee.

Enter ſervant.

Ser. Sir, there is a Lady enquires for Maſter *Caperwit*.
Cap. A Lady out of complement? tis hee.
Ser. Shee ſeemes of Noble quality, ſhe has Coach and faire
Attendants, and cals her ſelfe the Lady *Bird*.
Cap. Good *Cupid* is it ſhee?
Who gave her direction to finde mee here?
An honourable Lady, I confeſſe, and hath a fortune
Noble like her birth, tis the rich Aldermans widdow,
The great *Bird* that dyed at's Country houſe, a Kinſman
To the Ravens of the City; by no meanes admit her,
Shee'le betray her fooliſh Paſſion.
Gol. What is the matter?
Cap. Some few dayesagoe

I did by chance, but drop a complement,
How much I was her ſervant, and ſhe tooke it
To'th heart, and ever ſince hath ſought occaſion
To expreſſe her love to mee, poore Gentlewoman.

Gol. You cannot helpe it,

Cap. Tis one, but of the myriad of Ladies
That have been taken——

Chr. With your tropes and figures,

Gol. No matter, let her come, it were not civill
Sir to deny your ſelfe. *Cap.* Sheele tire all patience:
But Lady, be aſſur'd my heart is dedicate
To you, and were all womenkind in ballance
With your divineſt perſon, their light ſcale
Would kicke the Firmament, or comming downe,
Bee loſt i'th middle Region of the ayre,
Or bee converted to a Cloud to weepe
Vpon the earth, for being ſo much exceld.

Enter Lady Bird.

Bir. Where's this Footman? *Ser. Trot* my Ladies Footman.

Bir. Goe pray my Vncle Sir *Walter Cormorant*
To dine with me to morrow—— And doe y' heare?
Tis in your way to aske if my Cofin *Bulfinch*,
The Steward of my Land, bee come to Towne,
Hee lies in *Fleetſtreet* betweene Hawke and Buzzard.
I'th afternoone, remember Sirrah, that
You goe to Maſter *Kite*, that lives i'th Poultry,
And ſay I ſhall expect the thouſand pound,
Was lent him upon morgage:
Sir, beſeech your Nobleneſſe excuſe mee,
The affaires ſo neerely doe concerne mee, with
A Gentleman, (now your gueſt,) that I preſumed
It ſhould not bee offence, if I tooke hold
Of this occaſion, to ſpeake with him.

Gol. Madame, you need plead no excuſe for that,
Command your freedome here: Daughters, my Lady
Would have ſome private conference. *Bir.* By no meanes
Let me appeare ſo troubleſome, your preſence

Will

Will be no hurt to my designe, you shall
Command a great deale more. *Cap.* I was cunningly prepared.
Bi. Sir, after all, let me obtaine your priviledge.
Ca. Proceed.——
Bi. I shall accuse my selfe of too much boldnesse,
If you neglect mee Sir before all these;
I come not to disturbe you, nor to publish
What you have taken from mee.
Go. I hope shee will lay some felony to his charge.
Bi. But Sir, you might have been so kind, to have seene
your friend once in three dayes.
Ca. I must be pardon'd Widow,
The glasse that tells the hower, hath not more sands,
Than there be Ladies waite to catch me up
To spend my time with 'em, they breake my dreames,
With importunity, and allow me but
One minute in a weeke, to say my prayers.
Bi. Among them all, there is not one
That more desires your happinesse.
Ca. Tis more your goodnesse Lady, than desert,
Or provocation in me. *Bi.* Y'are modest,
And thus increase your value.
Ca. Your favours are acknowledg'd, and take up
Much of my studies, how I may be active
In service to reward 'em, still preserving
My liberty, I must not be confind
Or wedg'd in; all that's good in nature ought
To be communicable, if you have
Promis'd your selfe more of me, than as you are
Allowd, an excellent part o'th commonwealth,
Tis justice you correct the imagination,
Perhaps you'l say, you love me. *Go.* A fine Dialogue:
Bi. My blushes speake me guilty, and I feare
Betray my frailty to these Gentlewomen:
You'l sinne against your knowledge Sir, to make
A question how much I esteeme you, be not
A tyrant, if my opinion of your worth

Prevaile

Prevaile against my modesty, to say
I cannot choose but love you, tis my fate,
My breeding never suffred, but in this,
That I should lose my selfe to court a man,
Ambitious of my favour; tis in vaine
To tell you, with what art, my eyes have beene
Courted by great ones for their smile, for you
Will turne them all to teares. *Chr.* Alas poore Lady:
I pitty her, what doth she see in him,
To draw this passion? *Cap.* May be, I am engag'd
To another beauty. *Bir.* That's my feare indeed;
For who can looke with eyes like mine upon you,
And not be tempted to the same desires?
But be not Sir deceived, all forheads are not
True glasses of the minde, and beauty alone
Deserves not such a blessing; young men doe
Too hastily betray themselves to miserie,
That thinke no heaven but in their Mistresse face,
Looke on my fortune, which doth spread more riches,
Than pleasure can instruct thee wayes to spend,
Delights shall streame themselves into thy bosome,
Honour and titles of the state shall woe
Thy name to put them on, and not be thine
But thou their ornament. *Cap.* Affection must
Flow uncompeld, you may be pleas'd to take
Some other time, to finish this discourse.
Bir. I may suspect I have offended these;
But pray interpret fairely, noble Sir, *to Simple.*
I doe beseech you pardon
The errors that you finde in us fraile women,
Yet I beleeve you would not use me so
Neglectfully; tis time, I take my leave.
Gol. Wee are your humble servants.
Sim. Sir, if you will not affect this Ladie,
I hope some other may.
Ca. And write himselfe the happiest man alive;
She is Widow for a Lord; but I am first,

I would you had her Sir, I say no more;
She has an estate of twenty Exchequers, and
Is of so gentle soule.
Bir. I leave you to repent
Your cruelty, my Coach--- *Sim.* Please you Madam,
Doe me the grace to let me waite upon you.
Cap. Now do I expect shee'l dote upon me: *Ex. Gol. Bird, Simple.*
Ladies, you see what fortunes I neglect,
She is a pretty handsome creature too.
Aur. In my opinion Sir, you have not beene
So kind as shee deserves, and for my part
I have so much compassion of her sufferings,
Were all the wit of younger brothers in you,
And could you make me joynture of a Province,
I would rather marry my fathers serving man
And stand at livery my selfe than be
Wife to a man so ingratefull. *Ex. Au.*
Cap. How, sweet Lady?
Chr. My sister, Sir, is just, can you expect
An entertainement here after your scorne
Of one that nobly loves you? *Ex. Chr.*
Cap. I have us'd a pretious policie to supplant my selfe,
She has a scruple in her conscience,
And will not wrong the Lady *Bird*, a pox
Vpon his Rhetoricke.

Enter Goldsworth.

Gol. Your Lady *Bird* is Coach'd, and she hath tooke
Sir *Gervace* with her. *Ca.* How? *Gol.* Their legs doe justle
In the same boote. *Cap.* Ha, ha, ha.
Gol. Why doe you laugh? What humor's this?
Cap. Sir *Gervace*: Ha, ha, he thinkes, ha, ha--
Gol. You have a merry spleene, I know not what
He thinkes, but if he meane to retrive the Lady *Bird*.
Cap Ha, ha. *Gol.* Pray let me know, whence springs this
suddaine mirth; I will laugh wi'yee.
Cap. Hold my sides, my buttons!
Gol. Tis well your doublet's slash'd

Cap.

Cap. Ha, ha, next time I come, Ile discover.—I sha'not
Containe my selfe i'th' streete, ha, ha.
Gol. The Poet's mad indeed, farewell *Democritus*. *Ex.*

Enter Thornay, Tongrave.

Ton. By your favour Sir. *Tho.* Your businesse?
Ton. I understand your name is *Thornay*.
Tho. It was my fathers, and tis upon record, that I was christened *Thomas*, does that concerne you Sir? *Ton.* I bring commends from a friend of yours. *Tho.* I crave you mercy, I am your servant. *Reades the letter.*
Ton. He appeares unmov'd.
Tho. Thanke you Sir, Godbe-wi'y.
Ton. Although I am confident
You thinke it not my office to convey
Letters so much respect I beare the Gentlewoman
That sent it, I would thinke it Sir no burden
To carry an answer to her. *Tho.* It requires none.
Ton. Shall I returne, you'l visit her in person?
Tho. I cannot promise. *Ton.* Why?
Tho. I may forget it.
Ton. With your pardon Sir, she did impose on me.
To know some resolution. *Tho.* She did?
Are you acquainted with her? *Ton.* I doe beare
No great age in her knowledge.
Tho. Perhaps she has imparted the contents.
Ton. I could conjecture
By circumstance shee much desires to see you.
Tho. Cannot come; that's all—
Ton. I must have more. *Tho.* How Sir?
Ton. Tis a neglect becomes you not.
Tho. You are not sent a Champion to defie me.
Ton. I have no title from her blood, and yet
Her vertue is so neere me, I must tell you,
She hath deserv'd your best esteeme.
Tho. She has told you belike some story.
Ton. I pray see her, Ile waite upon you.
Tho. To what purpose?

Yon. To love and cherish her, that claimes your heart,
The office of your soule to honour her,
Does not your conscience tremble yet? what reason
Can you alledge you should not love her?

Tho. Reason? Ile shew you a reason, walk a little further.

Yon. I shall expect it. *Ex.*

Enter Gerard.

Ger. It must be so, and yet methinkes I move
Without a soule, she is the first apostate
From loves religion, in that my honour
Is safe, and it is justice, my *Aurelia*,
This heart to thee, should now alone be sacred.

Enter Chrysolina.

Ch. Sir, you are welcome, what not speake to me?
This is a strange neglect; I have newes for you:
Your friend— *Ger.* Tis so, he has prevaild with her,
And she will boast her change. *Chr.* He cannot be
So fixt in meditation; with your favour.

Ger. Reserve your newes, I doe not thirst to heare it.

Chr. Sure he mistakes me all this while, tis I.

Ge. But tis not I, I see you are a woman,
I have nothing else to say. *Exit.*

Ch. I have not us'd him so: was there no way to expresse
his purpose, without this scorne? tis not discreetly done,
I could be very angry he returnes,

Enter Gerard, Aurelia.

With him *Aurelia*. *Aur.* I am ignorant
With what words I should meet this noble love.

Ger. I was created for this happinesse,
To these embraces, which doe more than twist
Our bodies, every circle of thy armes
Enchaines my soule, that doth forget all freedome,
And willingly submit to be thy prisoner.

Chr. It doe not grieve me that he loves my sister,

Ge. I am too little to containe my joy,
It flowes above the narrow banks *Aurelia*:
What shall I say let me bath here eternally,

And

And study new Arithmetick, to count
Our blessings. *Au.* Can you Sir be constant?
Chr. I, touch him there *Aurelia*. *Ger.* You doe ill
To interrupt our joyes upon this lip
That deserves all should open to commend it,
I seale the contract of my heart for ever,
I wil be nothing when I am not thine:
Suspect the starres may lose themselves in heaven,
But never I this vow, thy sister has
No part in my affection, she usurp'd
Some title, but I now have canceld all
The thoughts of her, and offer thee my selfe,
My selfe thy perfect honourer. *Ex. Ger. Aur.*
Chr. Wherein have I deserv'd to be thus slighted?
Is there no conflict in my blood? Can love
I beare a sister, take away all sense
Of this indignity?

Enter Thornay *and* Yongrave.

Tho. Looke you Sir, I promis'd you a reason, why I could
Not love *Eugenia*; there's my reason, I
Doe love that Gentlewoman.
Chr. Tis Master *Thornay*:
I am resolv'd, I have no other way
To punish his disdaine, than to pretend
I love this Gentleman, that he may see
I have the freedome of my soule, to mocke
His triumph, and with as much facility
Meet his neglect. Oh Master *Thornay*,
You are very welcome, I was wishing for you.
Thor. Hum? this entertainment is a little better
Than I expected.
Chr. You absent your selfe too much beleeve, your visits shall
not be more frequent, than your person gratefull hither.
Thor. doe y' heare, you may returne, and tell this story
Vnto the Lady i'th inchanted Castle:
You see my fate, I cannot come; Godbe-wy'e.
Yon. You shall acquit your selfe more Nobly Sir,

And better satisfie her in your person.

Thor. I wo'not take the paines to see her, and
Shee were a dying. *Ton.* How?

Thor. Not to recover her.

Chr. Shall you and I Sir, walke a tume i'th Garden.

Thor. Yes Lady, Heaven vouchsafe I grow not mad
Wi'my good fortune.

Ton. With your pardon Mistresse,
I must take priviledge to tell this man
Hee is not worthy of your favours. *Thor.* How Sir?
You doe not know my temper: *Ton.* Nor regard it. *draw.*

Chr. Hold as you beare respect to mee.

Thor. I am charm'd.

Ton. I should be guilty of some sinne to you
Not to reveale, this Gentleman has made
A forfeit of his honor. *Thor.* Will you heare him?
Pox o'my dulnesse, what meant I to bring
Him hither? doe not credit any thing,
Wee are old enemies, and he has studied this
Device to poison your opinion of me,
A meere trick; doe not beleeve a word sweet Lady.

Ch. I am not easie Sir to entertaine
Malicious accusation of your fame,
Your vertue in my thoughts, is not so soone
Shaken with one report. *Thor.* That's comfort yet.

Ton. Then you provoke me to be plaine, know Lady,
Y'are i'th way to be most miserable,
Abus'd by this false man, that will betray
Your innocent beauty to so great a shame,
Repentance is not able to restore you:
He has a wife already. *Ch.* How a wife?

Ton. A wife, if holy vowes have power to bind you:

Tho. Doe you beleeve this? were you by
When I was married.

Ton. No, but heaven and Angels
Are witnesses you did exchange a faith
With one that mournes a Virgin, and a Widdow:

Have

Have you no earthquake in you? does thy ſoule
It ſelfe not feele an ague, to remember
How many kiſſes ſeald the amorous contract?
Shee meant it ſo, and every day her eyes
Weepe in the memory of her ſelfe forſaken:
And cauſe her griefe will not at once deſtroy her,
Deſpairing of your love, to ſhew how willing
Shee is to dye, doth every houre diſtill
Part of her ſoule in teares. *Chr.* This cannot bee.
Thor. Be: no, no, 'tis impoſſible: ſhall we walk ſweet Lady?
Yon. Will not this excite your pitty, mercy ſhines bright in (women.
Chr. I have heard you Sir,
And doubt not, when hee comes to anſwer
Theſe imputations, hee may quit himſelfe.
Thor. Would wee were both on's but to skirmiſh in
A law-pit, I muſt cut his throat.
Chr. Admit he promis'd love,
Oblig'd himſelfe by oath to her you plead for,
This binds him not to undoe himſelfe for ever.
Yon. Vndoe himſelfe. *Chr.* Yes, marriage is an act,
That doth concerne his whole life, and in ſomething
May marre, or profit his eternity:
Perhaps the Gentlewoman, ſince hee gave
His faith is falſe from vertue. *Thor.* I have heard ſo.
Chr May be turn'd proſtitute.
Thor. I, who'l ſweare for her?
Yon. I muſt not heare her nam'd with the ſuſpition
Of ſuch a ſtaine. *Chr.* Wee doe not Sir accuſe her.
Thor. Not abſolutely.
Yon. Did you but know the Creature, it would call
A bluſh into your face, for talking thus;
Shee has purity enough for all her ſex,
And this attended with ſo many vertues,
As but to wiſh her more, it ſelfe were ſinne.
Chr. This Gentleman pleades for her,
Thor. Will you pleaſe to walke?
Chr. Diſmiſſe him firſt.

Thor.

Thor. Doe y' heare, this Lady
Is weary of your company; you have
Not us'd me like a Gentleman, indeed
Scurvily, tis no time nor place to expostulate,
But wee shall meet agen; in the meane time,
Returne, and tell the Virgin you so magnifie,
I doe not finde my selfe in any humour
To see her agen; pray her neglect no fortune,
For my sake, there be many yonger brothers
I'th Towne, will bee content to marry her:
You may resolve her what's become of me,
There is no wrastling with our fate.

Ton. Thou art not worth my answer. *Exit Ton.*

Chr. Ile not question Sir, this Gentlemans relation.

Tho. You are wise.

Chr. But in my confidence, hee hath spoke all truth;
I must desire you visit mee no more.

Thor. You doe but jest I hope.

Chr. Ingratefull man! how are poore women coozen'd?
With what impudence couldst thou desire my favour?
Goe and make a satisfaction to the injur'd Maid,
Borne the dishonour of a man. *Exit.*

Thor. Am I awake? Or doe I dreame,
I am made a Coxcombe thus?
I am a Raskall, and deserve no mercy,
For abusing that poore Gentlewoman, that sent
So kindly to me; wo'd the Messenger were here agen.

Enter Gerard *and* Aurelia.

Tis Master *Gerard*, how hath hee sped?

Ger. You are sad *Aurelia*; what on the sudden
Can beget this change? Are you in health?

Aur. Yes Sir. *Ger.* Your blood me thinkes
Is wandring from your cheeke, your eyes have lost
Their lightning too, call backe your smiles, and blesse
Him that is now your creature.

Aur. Mine? excuse moif I suspect. *Ger.* Ha,

Aur. I have heard you Sir.

And

And have considered all that you have said
To make me thinke you are now wholly mine:
I must confesse you have expreſt a Lover,
Wanted no Art to flouriſh your warme paſſion:
But language is no clew to guide us to
The knowledge of your heart.

Ge. Nor is ſuſpition a cauſe enough in juſtice to condemn.

Aur. It is not; but where circumſtances meet,
They may be thought on. *Ger.* By your beauty,
By thoſe faire eyes, that never kil'd till now,
Make me ſo happy, but to know what cauſe
Inclines you to ſuſpect, and I will take it
The greateſt argument of love, that ever
A Virgin ſhew'd to man; then Ile be bold,
And with the whiteneſſe of my ſoule make ſuch
Aſſurance of you, that not malice, aided
With all the devils cunning, ſhall be able
To interpoſe one ſcruple more againſt me.

Aur. You lov'd my Siſter. *Ger.* I did once, my *Aurelia.*

Aur. And you declare you can neglect her now,
Looke on her like a ſtranger. *Ger.* 'Tis moſt true.

Aur. She lov'd you well, moſt nobly, with as much
Fervour as ever I did or can love;
Should I thinke to be more ſecure than ſhe?
Promiſe that firme to me, which in ſo freſh
A ſight and memory you have violated
To her, that plac'd you in as deare a boſome?
Diſcretion bids me pauſe, I may be raſh,
Either you lov'd her not at all, and ſo
You may play falſe with both, or loving her
With as much levity, I ſuppoſe you may
Forſake me too. Therfore I bid you firſt farewell. *Exit.*

Ge. I am blaſted. *Thor.* We are both undone, I dare not ſee (him. *Exit.*

Ger. Was ever man ſo miſerably loſt?
Is there a balme can cure me? Oh, I bleed:
The ſword wounds gently but love kils indeed. *Exit.*

Sic explicit Actus Tertius.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Eugenia *and her Maid.*

Eug. Has truth forsooke mankind? or is it my
Fate onely to converse with those that are
So cruell and neglectfull of our sexe?
Vnhappy Maid! is he not yet return'd?
Maid. None yet appeares.
Eug. Then I despaire to see him:
And when I thinke indeed of the imployment,
That 'tis against himselfe, I may with justice
Accuse my want of judgement, to expect
He should performe so hard an imposition:
I would I could not thinke of any man,
They rob me of my peace: I prethee try
Thy voyce, to put my heart in better tune;
There is a power in harmony, some say,
To charme the unruly motions of the braine:
Love is it selfe a melancholy madnesse:
Why should not Musicke cure the wound of love?

Melancholy hence, goe get
Some piece of earth to be thy seat,
Here the ayre and nimble fire,
Would shoot up to meats desire:
Sullen humour, leave her blood,
Mix not with the purer flood,
But let pleasures swelling there,
Make a Spring-tide all the yeere.

Enter Chrysolina.

Chry. How does my deare *Eugenia?* *Eug.* As well
As this restraint will give me leave, and yet

It does appeare a part of my enlargemene
To have your company: I hope your ſiſter
Enjoyes her health. *Chry.* And more felicity
Than I can boaſt mine owne, ſhee's halfe a Bride.
Happy ith' embraces of her wiſhed ſervant;
You know our ſtory; he ha's choſen her,
And moſt uncivilly neglecteth me.
Thus laden with his ſcorne, I come to practiſe
A ſcene of ſorrow w'ye; ſure thy fate
Hath ſpun a thread for me, we are ſo like
In our misfortunes: Have you heard no newes
Of your ingratefull ſervant, for I know
No other name, and he indeed deſerves
To have no other memory, that takes
A pride in his diſdaine. *Eug.* Nothing as yet.
But I have met occaſion to convey
A Letter to him, yet I cannot promiſe:

Enter Yongrave.

But here's the meſſenger. *Chr.* That Gentleman?
I know the man you love then, is't not *Thornay*?
Eug. The ſame, I did conceale him for his ſhame.
Chr. Why hee's a zealous ſuiter for my love.
Yon. It makes for me that he continues cruell;
I was not able to command his paſſion.
But will ſhe not miſtruſt I have not beene
So carefull in advancing her deſires,
But ſatisfied my ſelfe with any anſwer,
As knowing what muſt bring comfort to her,
Muſt needs be killing to my hopes? In what
A narrow path I tread; her ſpring muſt be
My froſt, and when her tree carries the pride
And bloome of ſummer, I retaine no ſap,
But wither and creepe backward into earth,
Like a forſaken plant.
Chr. Here lle obſcure. Chryſolina *withdraws.*
Eug. You are welcome, Sir. *Yon.* I would I were.
Eug. Shall I beleeve you have beene faithfull to

My griefes requeſt? *Yon.* Yes, and bring comfort backe.
Chryſ. How's that? *Eug.* Pronounce thoſe words agen.
Yon. I bring you comfort.
Eug. He did ſay ſo: What meant ſhe
To mocke me with another ſad relation?
Was't a device in her to increaſe my joy
At meeting, he did talke of comfort; is it
A thing reſtor'd in nature? Oh, before
You bleſſe my eare agen with that wiſhed ſound,
Excuſe my modeſty, if my heart preſent
A kiſſe to thanke you. *Yon.* I drinke in my poyſon.
Eug. Now let your comforts flow.
Yon. I have returned you
As true a lover as yet ever Miſtris
Could boaſt poſſeſsion of, one ſo reſolved
To honour you. *Eug.* Can this be poſsible?
Yon. I have examined every ſecret thought
Within his ſoule, concerning you, and dare
Thus boldly juſtifie, he is your owne.
Eug. Let me but live to ſee him, and I write
My ambition ſatisfied *Yon.* He's here. *Eug.* Where? *Yo.* Here.
In me your trueſt ſervant is return'd.
Chr. Does he affect her? *Yon.* I call all thats good
To witneſſe with me, I diſcharg'd with zeale
The unkind office to my ſelfe, but could not
Incline him to returne to any ſoftneſſe:
In briefe, he has unworthily engag'd
That heart belonging to you, and would not be
Provoked to ſee you agen. *Chr. Eugenia.* *Chr. leads in*
Yon. Is all this waking? Have I ſeene her faint? *Eug.*
And did not ſhe that cheriſhes her enemy,
Haſte to her reliefe, and ſeeme to ſuffer with her?
While I, as one had growne here, did not move?
I did not well, to exalt her with a hope:
To meet a bleſſing, and then ruine her.
If death hath whiſper'd her aſide, I ſhall
Be accuſed, and I will take my preferment.

To

To be sent after her, to tell her ghost
I lov'd her belly, when wee are both immortall
She'l understand me better.

Enter Chrysolina.

Is *Eugenia* alive agen?

Chr, There is no danger to be fear'd; a qualme.
Pray let me aske you Sir one question,
Doe you affect this Virgin really?
I move it not for any harme.

Yon. Would she had sent you hither,
But with desire to be resolv'd.

Chr. May be she has.

Yon. Then tell her I doe love her better--
Than I can expresse, but when she has
Numbred all things are excellent on earth
She is to me above 'em infinitely.

Chr. This carries no probability.

Yon. Would thou wert a man
Then I durst tell thee, I doe love her so
I durst be wicked for her, and kill thee.

Chr. With all this, it does not appeare you love her so
And be an instrument, nay plead to put another in possession
Of your lov'd treasure; for if I mistake not
You late did urge a man, whom shee esteemed
Better, to returne and marry her:
Can any man that loves a woman truly,
Strive to supplant himselfe and give away
His comfort? *Yon.* There's the honour of my service,
When I am dead, the story shall remember
I lov'd a maid so well that I preferr'd
Whatever she desired above my selfe,
And cause she lou'd one better, was content,
To serve her wishes with my banishment:
He does not love a Virgin nobly, whose
Affection walkes not just to her desires,
To like e'm 'bove his owne. *Chr.* If this can be,
Thou art the noblest lover in the world,

With what affection shall shee be blest
That loves him, when the mistresse that obeynes
Him not, is thus rewarded?

Enter Eugenia.

Eug. Indeed I love him still and shall doe ever,
Nor had I now returnd to life, but that
I had not tooke my leave of him.
Yon. More corrosive. *Eug.* If you'l oblige a Virgin,
For ever to you once more visit him,
Tell him I lye like one that's desperate sicke,
Oppresst with griefe of body, and of mind,
But cannot be so fortunate to quit
The world till he vouchsafe to visit me.
Bid him not feare I will detaine him long,
With idle talke, sixe words and I am dead.
Although he love me not, he may doe this:
If you will adde this to your other worke,
I will impose no more, indeed I will not:
So farewell noble Sir. *Exit.*
Chr. If you will please to joyne with me, I doubt not
To effect her wishes. *Yon.* No.
Chr. You doe not know what power I have with him.
Yon. You have too much *Chr.* Ile undertake---
Yon. You sha'not rob me of the reward.
Chr. What reward?
Yon. Perhaps another kisse, pray tell her, I
Went cheerefully to finish her command. *Exit.*
Chr. I doe admire and love this noble temper,
What flames are these? Suppresse 'em, they grow high.
If he affect her so, what hope have I? *Exit.*

Enter Gerard *and* Thornay.

Tho. Mad? why you still enjoy discourse.
Ger. What then? may not a man be mad, and yet talke
Tho. But few in my experience. (wisely?
Ger. Doe not abuse thy knowledge, at the worst,
Thou canst but say, our senses are depravd,
Throwne off o'th'hinge, the tongue is mine I hope,

Though

Though some would have the titillation
Ioynd to make up a fifth in the grave Synode?
Beleeve then I am mad; Ile prov't by reason.

Thor. By reason? that's a new way to prove it;
But Ile heare no reason.

Ger. Then thou art mad thy selfe.

Thor. Nay, I thinke I am madder o'th two,
And have as much reason, if there bee reason
Able to make one mad; but let's be wise:
Or if it must be that y'ave lost your wits,
Let's see and wee can recover 'em by drinking;
For hee that is not sober after drunkennesse,
Is no man of this world.

Ger. Now thou talkest wildly.

Thor. I talke wildly, that would justifie my selfe to bee in my wits, and you that talk reason and sense wo'not beleeve y'ave any.

Ger. If it bee so, that may conclude I ha' lost 'em,
And doe not understand my selfe.

Thor. So, so, I should beleeve another in that argument,
But not you, for in knowing that, you prove
You are no mad-man.

Ger. Prethee tell mee, thou art a peece of a Philosopher,
And knoweſt the naturall causes.

Thor. Hold in that; I must confesse, you are little
Beside your selfe: I a Philosopher?
I studied *Tselman* sometimes i'th College,
As others did, and wanting *Epictetus*
Lanthorne, slept alwaies with a watching Candle
In my study window, and might very well
Dreame over learning o'my Deske, or so;
What *Aristotle* might infuse into
My sleepes I know not, but waking I nere troubled
My selfe to understand him; true I lov'd
His Booke *De Cælo*, for the heavenly Title,
And made my Father buy it, for my study
Of Divinity, told him I would be a Bishop;
That brought me threescore pound a yeere for Books:

I prethee doe not talke of learning.

Ger. Why then acknowledge, I am mad, and I have done.

Thor. Well for this once I will allow it, th'art mad.

Ger. But wherefore doe y' allow it, what's the cause?

Thor. Nay, nay, I know not that.

Ger. Ile tell thee then. *Thor.* Tis come about agen.

Ger. And let thy judgement censure mee
If I produce not able reasons.—

Thor. To prove madnesse, he makes me mad to heare him;
Now I consider better on't, I confesse
You have some cause to be a little mad,
The losse of such a Mistresse. *Ger.* But of one?
Did they not both affect mee, and I them
With such equality of honour. *Thor.* Grant it.

Ger. And I to lose 'em both? faith speake but honestly;
Is't not a wonder that I doe not rave
And kill my selfe? how many have runne mad
For one that never lov'd 'em? and shall I
Bee so unmannerly not to lose my wits
For two and two such creatures? twere a Solecisme
In love: I prethee doe not flatter mee
With an opinion that I have my reason;
It cannot bee, it is against all sense,
I should haue any such an expectation
Lost, is enough to make the *genius*
Of all the world runne mad, and I will straight.

Thor. Whither? *Ger.* To *Bedlem*, whether should I goe?
I must not live in this community of fooles and wisemen.

Thor. There be Knaves among us.

Ger. Here all are happy, there I sha'not meet
With lovers that are fortunate, but with men
Of my complexion, that looke twenty wayes
At once, that sigh and curse, and sing mad Carols:
If I can get to bee their Prince, Ile make
A law it shall bee death to smile or kisse
A woman. *Thor.* Now I feare him. *Ger.* Nay, wee'le have
An excellent well gouernd Common wealth.

A delicate *Eutopia*, there shall be
Lectures and publike readings shall put downe
Gresham's foundation for the liberall Arts,
And make the Citizens bring their Shop-bookes hither
To take fine notes, how to bee paid their debts,
And yet trust none but younger brothers: then
Wee will have penall Statutes against eating,
Live all by the ayre of commendations.
No idle man shall live within our State.
Doe y' marke? they are the moathes of the Republike:
And therefore hee that has no other worke
To prevent slothfulnesse, may imploy his time
In picking strawes, there will be a great plenty.
Here will wee live together, and bee mad
Perpetually, wee wo'not bee recovered;
For if at any time wee incline to bee
Sober, and comming to our wits againe,
The lash will whip us into new distempers
And mad fugaries. *Thor.* Doe y' know all this while
What you have said, you correct me for speaking
Extravagantly, and yet talke wilde your selfe.

Ger. I prethee pardon and instruct me better; I am not well.

Thor. Will you walke to your Chamber, Ile beare you com-(pany.

Ger. No, I am well againe,
Vpon condition you will tell *Aurelia*
Shee did not use me kindly. *Thor.* I will.

Ger. She did not use me kindly, nothing else, Farewell, *Exit.*

Thor. I know not what to thinke on him,
The unhappinesse was so sudden, and unlook'd for,
It might disturbe his fancy, but I hope
The worst is past, a little rest will settle him.
But which way shall I recompence the injury
I ha' done him? and I had not been ungratefull
To *Eugenia*, wee might have both beene happy.

Enter Tailour.

Ha? 'tis hee: Save you most Noble Sir,
If please you now, Ile goe along with you.

Toth' Gentlewoman.

Yon. What Gentlewoman?

Thor. Eugenia, that wrote the Letter to me, I meane her.

Yon. For what? *Tho.* I ha' considered better, & doe meane
To make her satisfaction. *Yon.* 'Tis too late;
You might have done this earlier, your love
Will appeare now unseasonable, I assure you.

Thor. Pray give me a reason.

Yon. D'ye not blush to aske it?
I told her what you said, and now we are
Resolv'd; you cannot blame her, she was covetous
To embrace you; but your answer being return'd
So peremptorily in her neglect, we both agreed.

Thor. You both? Why what was that to you?

Yon. That doubt will cleere it selfe when we are married.

Tho. Why, did you love her? *Yon.* And deserve her best
Of all the world: and yet shee'd give me no
Assurance till she knew your resolution,
Which I was able to informe her; and
'Tis now a bargaine; upon munday next.—

Thor. Your wedding day. *Yon.* Right. (then?

Thor. In very good time. You weare a sword, *Yon.* What

Thor. Ile only try how you can fence, I must not lose her so.

Yon. You lose her? you despis'd her, wo'd not see her,
Not to recover her from death. D'yee not
Remember such a saying. In the Towne
Were many younger brothers, that might be
Content to marry her; let her use her fortune,
For your owne part, you were engag'd, there was
No wrestling with your fate; Was it not so?

Thor. 'Tis all one for that, my mind is altred,
I'm of another humour now, and will
Maintaine, I love her better than you dare.

Yo. Then I must tell you. *Tho.* Tell me no tellings;
Either resigne her to me againe, or—

Yon. Resolve me, pray, can you affect her heartily?

Thor. Else let me perish on your sword. *Yon.* I heard

You court another Miſtris, that did anſwer it with entertainment.

Thor. She was a very Gipſie.

You were no ſooner parted, but ſhe us'd me
Baſely; 'tis true, I did ſufficiently
Deſerve it, for my breach of vow to her.
I now alone doe honour, and for whom,
(Chang'd into honeſty) I will rather dye
Than live without her. *Yo.* Heaven do's heare all this.

Thor. I make no doubt, and while my heart to her
Is reconcil'd, cannot deſpaire of mercie.

Yon. You ſhall have her. *Thor.* Shall I? then Ile love thee too.

Yon. And know, ſhe ha's no thought but to be yours,
There ha's no obligation paſt betwixt us ewe; now I
I came for this; yet I muſt tell you, Sir,
I love her too, and ſhall doe ever. *Thor.* How? not when
She is my wife, I hope. *Yon.* Yes then.

Thor. If you have eat her up, and left her cold meat,
I ſhall loſe my ſtomacke. *Yon.* With a holy flame,
Her vertue keeps a Veſtall fire within me,
But ſhe affects not me, yet I might challenge her:
Nor can you ever, but in ſight of me,
Glory your ſelfe poſſeſt; I have bought her.

Thor. I hope ſhe ha's not ſold her maidenhead. *Yo.* Her vncle
(Whoſe aime is only profit) hath concluded
With me a price for her, and therefore gives
Acceſſe to none, till I ha' prey'd my fortune;
But I finde her devoted to you onely,
And have conform'd my wiſhes unto hers;
She loves you beſt, and I preferre you too,
Returne, and be her husband, Ile direct you.

Enter Caperwit and Dancer.

Cap. You underſtand my purpoſe, you ſhall make
The Dance, let me alone to write the ſongs.

Dan. A Maske will be delightfull to the Ladies.

Cap. Oh Sir, what Playes are taking without theſe
Pretty devices? Many Gentlemen
Are not, as in the dayes of underſtanding,

Now satisfied without a Iigge, which since
They cannot, with their honour, call for, after
The play, they looke to be serv'd up i'th' middle:
Your dance is the best language of some Comedies,
And footing runnes away with all; a Scene
Expreſt with life of Art, and squar'd to nature,
Is dull and flegmatick Poetry. *Tho.* Enough;
I am bound to honour thee, command my life,
Thou excellent young man.

Yon. I wiſh you happineſſe and never after her will love (a woman.
Cap. You know my lodging.
Dan. Ile attend you Sir. *Exit.*

Cap. I wonder what's become of my *hirmophrodyte*?
Yongrave, how is't man? what art melancholy?
What hath hung plummets on thy nimble ſoule,
What ſleepie rod hath charmd thy mounting ſpirit?

Yon. Prethee enjoy thy ſelfe. *Cap.* By *Parnaſſus*
You muſt not be ſo headhung, why doſt peep—
Vnder thy cloake as thou didſt feare a Serjeant?

Enter Simplx and Lady Bird.

Who are theſe? my wiſh'd fortune hath ſent thee a cure,
The rareſt mirth! you ſha'not loſe it, ha, ha.

Bir. You have ſtrangely wonne me to obey you Sir,
I refuſe nothing you command. *Sim.* Shall go,
And heare how I will talke, and baffle 'em:
But what if wee meet *Caperwit*? *Bir.* No matter.

Sim. No: why then let him goe hang himſelfe in his owne verſes, if the lines be ſtrong enough, come my Nightingale, my *Bird* of Paradiſe. *Exit.*

Cap. If ever thou didſt love me, lets follow 'em;
Feede not this ſullen humour, Ile promiſe excellent ſport.
Yon. You ſhall prevaile. *Ex.*

Enter Chryſolina, Aurelia.

Chr. It was not kindly done, beleeve me ſiſter,
He did performe but our requeſt. *Aur.* Tis granted;
But his neglect of you afflicted me.

Chr. He could not make you happy, and remaine

Servant.

Servant to me? *Aur.* Nor make me blest, while you
Seem'd discontented. *Chr.* Doe not thinke I was,
I did but carry trouble in my face,
When he declared himselfe, withdrew my smiles,
For your sake, to make you appeare most lovely,
And worthy of his choice; and could you be
So cruell to reject him, when he came
To be confirm'd your owne without a rivall?
It seemes he did not know who lov'd him best.
Aur. Best? *Chr.* Yes, and I in this, will make't appeare,
That now you have exild him from your love,
Ile sue for his affection.
Aur. He is mine.
Chr. But you *Aurelia* are not his; I will
Appeale to his modest reason, that shall guide
His eye to looke on both agen, I doe not
See what in me should not invite him hither,
With as much ardor, rather more, since he
Hath prov'd already your too much unkindnesse;
What if this noble Gentleman should lose
His wits upon't, will all your beautie call
His straggling senses to their seate agen?
Ile seeke him out betimes and comfort him.
Aur. Tis more than will become you sister. *Chr.* How?
Aur. And it must bring your modesty in question,
To follow one that cares not for you. *Chr.* Thus
I may awake his noble flame, nor is it
Any dishonor when the world shall know
How you have us'd him, if I make returne,
To what I lov'd so dearely.
Aur. Not while I may challeng interest; here are company.
Enter Simple, Bird, Tongraue, Caper wit aloofe.
Let us withdraw, I have something more to tell you.
Chr. Deferre it rather now; here comes my hope.
Aur. How's this? nay then Ile stay a little longer.
Sim. By your leave Gentlewomen, I should mock you.
To call you Ladies; perhaps you may wonder at me.

Chr. I see no cause. *Sim.* Have you no eyes?

Aur. Such as you see?

Sim. Oh eyes no eies but Mountaines fraught with teares!

Chr. Hee's turnd *Ieronymo*.

Sim Goe by, *Ieronymo*, goe by, goe by. *He passeth by them with disdaine.*

Chr. Doe y' know where you are?

Sim. Yes, and to whom I speake I hope.

Aur. Noble Sir, I hope you doe not scorne us.

Sim. Scorne you, no; but I doe not care a rush for you, you might have had me when I was offered, 'tis none of my fault, and you doe fall to eating of chalke, and dye oth' black jaundise, I cannot helpe it now for I proclaime, here is the what doe y' call it, of my heart.

Aur. Has he wonne this Lady? I suspect her:
I hope you have not quite forsaken me;
Virgins for custome sake, sometimes deny,
Beleeve me Sir, when you did plead for love
My heart did not so much as think on't.

Sim. Nay tis no matter, I ha'tooke my course, yet I
Have a sute to you that you would not breake your heart,
Nor you, to see us kisse. Nectar! immortall nectar! *He kisses Bird.*
Oh let this Diamond purchase such another,
Tis pitty that my lips should ever open,
To let the breath she gave me, out agen.

Chr. Doe y' pay so much for every kisse? a Diamond?

Sim. I never offer lesse to touch her lip; marry her hand, or her a--- or foote or so, I may salute for a ruby, or an emrode or a satire; or so, but I have stones--- now doe thou speake a little for their further mortification.

Bir. I did not thinke to have returnd so soone
A trouble to you but the importunity
Of this most worthy Gentleman prevail'd,
I thinke there was some Magick in his tongue.

Sim. Nay you may sweare that, the wisest in the country, thought my mother a Witch.

Bir. He did no sooner open his desires,
But he did wound my heart, you see his bounty.

What

What jewels hee has given mee. (had 'em.

Sim. All thine owne; somebody else might ha' been wise and

Cap. Somebody else might have been wise, and kept 'em.

Bir. I must confesse, I lov'd another lately, but his affection's frozen up---- *Cap.* Blesse you bevy of Ladies.

Bir. Sir, you are come most seasonably, before
These Gentlewomen, I release your promise,
My thoughts are fixt upon this Noble Knight,
Affect now where you please; here is my husband.

Cap. You are not married?

Sim. No, but I came to bid you all to my wedding, I have Bespoke Gloves, and Points, and knacks, and knaveries.

Cap. I will dye *Hymen*, Saffron robe in blood,
Put out the Torches with the teares of Virgins,
And make the Temple quake. *Sim.* Will you so Sir?

Cap. Excellent Rascall!

Bir. There is no way but to acknowledge it,
It is no shame in love, there's no disgrace,
For else by Law he may recover mee.

Sim. Doe y' heare Sir, you may take her if you please, but if she be troubled with a timpany, there is a man within a mile of an Oke, I name no-body, that has had,--- some earnest of her body. *Cap.* I hope you doe but jeer.

Sim. Ile make all sure, What a loving Lady is this?

Cap. Then I require you give me back this Diamond,
The token once I gave of my devotion. (company.

Sim. Why that's mine, I gave it her but now before all this

Bir. Be wise and let him have it, 'tis like his within my Cabinet, let's be quit on him, this will secure our marriage.

Sim. Let him have it there bee more in *Cheapside*, but let's not tarry any longer *Bird*, hee'le challenge all the rest of thy

Bir. I will obey you Sir. (feathers.

Sim. Farewell beauties and kind Gentleman, if you come to my wedding, I name no time, nor place, wee'l be very merry, excellent cheere Ile promise you, your belly full of Fidlers.

Cap. Ha, ha. *exit Sim. and Bir.*

Aur. What did you meane? that Ring was his,

Cap.

Cap. The Boy shall ha't agen: ha, ha, you do not know the mysterie, this Lady is a boy, a very crackrope boy. *Aur.* Is't possible?

Cap. I made him first disguise himselfe. *Aur.* Indeed?

Cap. Yes faith, to come to you.

Aur. Then I must tell you Sir,
you have not us'd us civilly, to make our conversation ridiculous,
To talke and complement with a Boy.

Cap. Sweet Lady, by *Hypocrene*---

Aur. Doey' not thinke your wit found out a precious device
to make me love you by a president; is this your great Lady?

Cap. Doe but heare mee speake.

Aur. Not now, I know you have ate enough to excuse it,
Yet I am not mercilesse, let mee entreate
Your absence, without ceremony; when
You come agen, your talke will bee more musicall.

Cap. Doe's shee not propheſie the conceit, I goe
The Maske will doo't, more musicall? tis so. *Exit.*

Chr. Then hee's gone to her *Yon.* Hee did promise mee.

Chr. Let other Virgins when they heare this story
Wonder, but give mee leave to love you for it,
Indeed I doe; looke not so strange, your vertue
Compels mee to reveale it, tis no shame
To owne a passion, kindled by such goodnesse.

Yon. If I doe understand you, give mee pardon,
To thinke you are not perfectly advis'd;
I am a prisoner still to my *Eugenia.*

Chr. Shee is satisfied, and you are disingaged.

Yon. But shee has not yet resigned the heart I gave,
Nor can I thinke of any other Mistresse;
Choose in a plenty of more happy men,
I gave too much away to love agen. *Exit.*

Chr. I will retire to blush and weepe. *Aur.* Not so.
Alas poore sister, now I feare you not,
I see your purpose was to make mee kinde:
I wo'd hee were my brother, but let's in
And joyne our heads, some counsell would doe well,
Tis pitty wee two should leade Apes in hell. *Exit.*

Sic explicit Actus Quartus.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Eugenia *and* Thornay.

Eug. MAy I beleeve my selfe so fortunate?
Art thou return'd, or doe I dreame thus happily?
Are these my *Thornays* armes? are those his lips?
Can hee repent his cruelty and love?
How soone are all my teares dryed up? I doe
Forgive my griefes, and thinke they have been modest,
And gentle sufferings, who can merit such
A joy, that has not felt a world of sorrow?
Let us imbrace agen, and if thou canst
Confirme mee yet more, that I am awake,
And taste my true delight. *Thor.* By this, and this: *Kisses.*
Through which, if it were possible, I durst
Conuey my soule, I am for ever thine,
Created new to bee made worthy of thee,
I have beene dead too long to thee, and vertue,
Committed sinne enough, in my neglect
Of thee, to plant a fierce, and deepe antipathy
In every womans heart against mankind;
But you are mercifull, and imitate
The eternall nature.

Enter Woodhamore.

Woo. Ha? how is this? a kissing? *Eng.* We are betraid.
Tho. So now tis done; I would not
Be engag'd to kisse you againe, for all the estate. (ded you.
Your father left you. *Eug.* I hope my breath has not offen-
Tho. I cannot tell, I ha' not kist a woman this twelve-moneth, and had not done this, but that he had my oath to performe it; well you have the lip labour he sent you, Master *Tongrave* is well, will see you agen shortly.—Godbe-wi'y'.
Eug. Pray stay a little. *Tho.* You'l send him such another token; imploy your waiting woman, I am no common kisse-carrier.

carrier. *Woo.* Oh ho, is't not otherwise, hee is a messenger from Master *Tongrave*, y'are welcome Sir.

Tho. And I be not, I am going Sir, to the place from whence I came Sir? *Woo.* How does Master *Tongrave*?

Tho. As fooliſh as ever, he is ſtill in love.--

Woo. I pray commend me to him.

Enter Tongrave.

Tho. You may now commend your ſelfe, he is here.

Eug. Oh let me flie into his armes and boaſt
Never had woman ſuch a noble ſervant,
Bleſt was that minute Vncle, in which you
Firſt knew this Gentleman; more bleſſed I,
That doe enjoy by him, that which my heart
Next heaven affecteth moſt; 'twill be an age
Till holy Church confirmes our vowes, I cannot
Mannage the comforts you have given mee,
I did not thinke I ſhould ſo ſoone have met
A husband, Vncle. *Woo.* I am glad to heare it.

Tho. Command thy trueſt ſervant, nothing wants
But how to get her forth, 'twere ſoone diſpatch'd.

Ton. Sir, we reſolve not to loſe any time,
We'l marry inſtantly. *Woo.* With all my heart.

Ton. The licence will be at Church, as ſoone as we,
Then I ſhall quickly make you perfect owner,
Of all thoſe lands, that lye ſo neere your Lordſhip;
You have ſecurity, I ſhall performe
When we are man and wife. *Woo.* Right, Maſter *Tongrave*!
You are an honeſt Gentleman, my Neece
May glorie in ſuch a choice, I have ſome buſineſſe,
Excuſe three minutes, Ile diſpatch, and goe
Along with you my ſelfe. *Exit.*

Tho. How's that? he go? we muſt prevent that miſchiefe.

Eug. Noble Sir, what ſervice can reward this goodneſſe (in you?

Ton. If you acknowledge any benefit
From me, in that I am enough rewarded,
I wiſh you, what I cannot hope for, joy,
But yet we have not finiſh'd. *Tho.* What doe y'thinke? if-

Tis

Tis gone againe, wee must have some tricke,
To get off without him.

Enter Servant with a letter to Eugenia.

Eug. From Mistresse *Chrysolina*?

Tho. What and we should set some on's house a-fire,
Doe y' thinke he would stay to quench it? how has he
Liv'd all this while, and has no more diseases?
No honest Gout to keepe him warme at home,
In furres, no charitable Ague fall
Into his legges to stay him, no Sciatica?
He is no Gentleman he scapes so well.

Eugenia readeth.

I love him above my life, but you have only his heart, he sayes for which I languish, if you have power to dispose it, I will cherish some hope, he will love me, at least for your sake.

Tho. If he should with us, is't not possible
He may have a fall, and breake a leg, and t'were but his neck,
why may not some prentice throw a stone, and put an eye
out, that he may goe toth' Surgeons, or some horse, or cart-
wheele squeeze his toe, and stay his journey?

Eugenia readeth.

His noble carriage to you, made me first affect him, then sinnce you are happy in another, let me owe to your vertue for his affection, without whom I am the most miserable. — *Chrysolina.*

Eug. Let me entreate you Sir, peruse that paper.
Sir you know *Chrysolina*? *Tho.* I doe know her.

Eug. Poore Gentlewoman is in love with *Tongreus*,
Wee have arriv'd at our desires already,
And want but the Church sealing, she is lost,
Vnlesse he meet her wishes, 'twill become
Our piety to advance, in what wee may
The common cause of love, then briefely thus.

Ton. Can any Virgin affect me so much?
She did prepare this argument before.

Eug. As you are charitable, goe presently.

Tho. And leave you thus?

Eug. Wel get off well enough. *Eug. and Tho. whisper.*
Pray her to meereus. *Ton.* I doe pity her,
And I have learn'd it from my sufferings;

But I must keepe my word, *Eugenia*
Hath still my heart, and onely can dispose it.
Eug. Then I resigne to her, in this alone,
I will deserve these noble offices.
You know the place. *Tho.* I'm perfect.
Eug. Love her, and let us all be happy.

Enter Woodhamore.

Wood. Sir, I must desire
You would excuse me, I would goe with you,
But that I have considered, 'twill be better
That I should not appeare, since you intend
To have it private, there will be lesse notice
If I be absent, and it may be thought
You by some tricke stole her away: D'yee marke?
Yon. Well thought on. *Wood.* Then, sir, that opinion
Will save our credit, and excuse the want
Of ceremony, and the fruitlesse charge,
Which is expected at her marriage:
Is it not best? *Yon.* You shew your providence.
Eug. Though I could wish your presence.
Wood. Y'are not wise,
Eugenia, goe to the Church, and let me
Salute you quickly happy bride and bridegroome:
Away, I say. *Eug.* He ha's prevented us. *Exeunt.*
Wood. The Land's my own, you wrong your joyes to tarry,
I would I had more Neeces thus to marry. *Exit.*

Enter Thornay and Chrysolina.

Thor. Nay, never blush, but haste and meet the Gentleman.
You have no reason to distrust me, Lady,
After this circumstance. *Chr.* Can I be so happy?
Thor. Have a strong faith, and finde it so,
Though once I was guilty of some wrong to thee.
Chry. Never to me: or if you had, this newes
Is recompence enough. *Thor.* Ile tell thee now:
I was the cause that *Gerard* did neglect thee,
In hope to gaine thee for my selfe; I told him
Thou had'st halfe consented to be mine. *Chr.* This truth?

Thor.

Thor. Bade him direct his Courtſhip to *Aurelia*,
And ſo be ſure of one: poore Gentleman
Beleev'd, and after loſt thy ſiſter too:
But if no cure be ſeaſonably apply'd,
Gerard, I feare, will ſinke beneath his loſſe.
Chr. Was this the cauſe? *Thor.* I muſt accuſe my ſelfe.
Chr. Ile tell *Aurelia* this. *Tho.* Doe ſo.
Chr. She meant to viſit him, but this wil give her wings.
Thor. I will intreat her pardon, but make haſte,
I wo'd not willingly be ſeene. *Chr.* I feele
Another ſoule, what raptures are diſtill'd
Vpon my heart? *Enter Caperwit.*
Cap. She cannot chooſe but take it.
Thor. You know how to direct her, but be ſwift
In your returne.----- Mr. *Caperwit?* *Cap.* Your ſervant.
Sir, if my ſight be not unfaithfull, I have ſeene you.
Thor. I owe much to your eyes,
It was my happineſſe to ſee you here.
Cap. I doe remember. *Thor.* I obſerv'd your courtſhip
To faire *Aurelia*. *Cap.* Pray ſir, can you dance? *Tho.* Dance?
Cap. I preſume you are a friend to her,
Whoſe name made ſweet your breath ſo late.
Thor. It did not ſtinke before. *Ca.* Excuſe my Poetry.
Thor. Cry you mercy.
Cap. I know y'ave heard wherein conſiſts my excellence.
Th. You are a Prince in Poetry, & pleaſe your Excellence.
Cap. The phraſe in Latine's modeſt, uſe no reverence,
To tell you true, you are a friend, I am upon a Maske. ---
Tho. That made you aske if I could dance.
Cap. 'Tis right, and you ſhould doe me honour
To lend your perſon to it, but I wo'd
Have it this night, before my Miſtris, whoſe
Mention perfum'd your lips ſo late.
Thor. Sweet language!
Wy' your favour, Mr. *Caperwit*, who are the
Principall Maskers? *Cap.* Faith I have none yet,
Beſide my ſelfe, but a fooliſh Knight, one Sir *Gervace*,

And's Lady, I want persons. *Thor.* Let me furnish you.
Cap. And tye my everlasting friendship to you.
Th. They shall be of quality, most of your acquaintance.
What if *Aurelia* be one? she loves you,
I ha' discovered that; I know shee'l do't,
Her Sister for another, and my selfe,
Frank Gerard and *Iack Tongrave*, with his Mistris.
Cap. The number I desire.
Thor. I know your lodging, say no more, Ile bring 'em,
This afternoone to practise, we may soone
Perfect a dance. *Cap.* Shall I trust to you?
Thor. Here's my hand. *Cap.* I kisse it.
Thor. I may give you a hint perhaps for the device too.
Cap. I have no other gratitude but this,
Live but a weeke, Ile send you an Ode; or dye,
Ile write your Epitaph. *Exit.*
Thor. I have no purpose to put your Muse
To such expence. Farewell *Phantasma.*

Enter Chrysolina.

Chr. Have I not beene tedious?
I told my sister all, and she is gone
To Mr. *Gerard*, if their meeting prosper,
I have directed where to find us.
Thor. Excellent, come, let's away,
A thousand joyes expect us. *Exeunt.*

Enter Gerard in his gowne and cap.

Ger. I once believ'd women were full of pitty,
Of soft and gentle constitutions:
But I have found 'em cruell: for *Aurelia*,
One of the best of all her sex, doth owne
A hard and tyrannous nature. *Enter servant.*
Ser. Sir, tis done.
Ger. I prethee let it be vndone, as I am. *Ser.* The Song.
Ger. I gave to be taught Musicke? Ile hear't anon:
I prethee goe — *Ser.* Whither? *Ger.* To Prison.
Ser. How Sir? *Ger.* Yes, and aske when are the Sessions.
Ser. They are every moneth.

Ger.

Ger. I would 'twere execution day to morrow.
Ser. Why, with your pardon, doe you wish it, Sir?
Ger. I would intreat the Surgeons to beg
Some Woman for Anatomy, nothing else:
I have heard their Lectures very much commended,
And I'd be present when they read upon
Her heart: for sure there is much difference
Betweene a Woman and a Man, in that
Same thing we call a heart, they doe not love
As we doe; we are fooles, indeed we are,
To dote so much upon 'em, and betray
The glory of our creation, to serve
A female pride; we were borne free, and had
From the great Maker Royall priviledge,
Most brave immunities: but since have made
Tame forfeit of our Charter. Let me see't,
It is the same, first read it, reach the chaire:
Tis yet no Song, infuse a soule into it.

Song.

If Love his Arrowes shoot so fast,
Soone his feathered stocke will waste:
But I mistake in thinking so,
Love's Arrowes in his Quiver grow:
How can he want Artillery?
That appeares too true in mee:
Two shafts feed upon my brest,
Oh, make it Quiver for the rest.
Kill me with love, thou angry sonne
Of Cytherea, or let one,
One sharpe golden Arrow flye,
To wound her heart for whom I dye.
Cupid, if thou bee'st a Childe,
Be no god, or be more milde.

Enter Aurelia and Servant.

Ser. I have not, since I serv'd him, knowne him so
Oppress'

Oppreſt with melancholy; hee's aſleepe,
I dare not wake him. *Aur.* Ile expect a while.
Ser. This quiet will much benefit him, hee
Began to talke idly.
Aur. Heaven preſerve the temper of his braine.
Ser. He wakes. *Ger.* Ha, tis not ſhee, doe I dreame ſtill;
Come hither, doſt thou ſee nothing?
Ser. Yes, a Gentlewoman that came to viſit you.
Ger. Doe not abuſe thy maſter, 'tis not poſſible *Aurelia*
Will doe me ſo much honour; in my ſleepe
Me thought I parled with her, and my fancy
Hath not yet loſt her ſhape; Oh my *Aurelia!*
Aur. I come to aske thy pardon. *Ger.* Doe not mocke me.
Thou wo't bee cruell when I wake agen;
And then I ſhall repent I dream't ſo ſweetly.
Aur. Y'are now awake, and I am your *Aurelia*,
That if you can forgive her paſt neglect,
Will give you proofe of her repentance,
By theſe teares--- *Ger.* Let not the ground be hallowed with
Such water, I have a heart to drinke this Balſome:
Enough *Aurelia*, doe not make thy eyes
Poore, to enrich thy boſome, where the drops
Shew like a Carkanet of Pearle upon it,
Thou haſt enough reſtor'd mee. *Aur.* Oh my *Gerard!*
Thou art too mercifull, and doſt forgive
Too ſoone the injury I did thy love;
But I am come to make thee ſatisfaction;
And this is but a ſhadow of thoſe joyes,
Wee muſt divide, if you vouchſafe to follow,
As I direct. *Ger.* Tis ſinne not to obey.
Aur. You muſt walk then. *Ger.* It is to heaven thou goeſt.
Convey mee ſwiftly thither. *Aur.* Nay, tis haſt is now required.
Ger. What bliſſe can bee deny'd,
A man that followes ſuch an Angell-guide? *Exeunt.*

Enter Thumpe.

Thum. Where in the name of ſimplicity, ſhould my Maſter be all this while? I have been at ſixe Ordinaries, twelve Tavernes, and

and I thinke fourte and twenty Bawdy-houses, places that Gentlemen use to frequent, and yet cannot find him: well, I am resolv'd to aske every man I meet; and if I cannot heare of him the sooner, Ile have him cryed.

Enter Tongrave and Eugenia.

Pray did you see my Master?

Ton. Thy Master? I know him not.

Thump. Nay Sir, did you see him? for if you see him, you cannot choose but know him; for hee had a hundred markes brought him warme out of the Country this morning.

Ton. Much good doe it him next his heart, I see him not. *Ex.*

Thump. No, no; there is no hope, 'tis but an unmannerly tricke of any Master, to leave his man o'this fashion; 'tis well there is no presse abroad, no disguis'd Constables twelvepence, and the Kings name would put mee into a pittifull Feaver, and I should curse Sir *Gervace* in another Country, as often as I heard the report of a Musket, for bringing me up no better, that might have liv'd quietly at home, and gone a feasting with the train'd Band without any danger.

Enter Thornay, Chrysol.

Here is another youth, and his commodity, I'le enquire of him, Pray did you see my Master? *Thor.* Thy Master, what's he.

Thum. A Knight Sir, Ile assure you, of the last edition that Was my foolish Master, for want of a better.

Thor. His name? *Thum.* Sir *Gervace Simple.*

Thor. Something of a blacke complexion, with a weezell face.

Thum. The same Sir. *Thor.* In a doublet of Orange-tawny Satten, richly laced? and blew trunke hose very sutable?

Thum. Very right Sir. *Thor.* A long *Italian* Cloake came down to his elbowes, a *Spanish* Ruffe, and long *French* stockings.

Thump. Just the same, how happy was I to meet with this Gentleman. *Thor.* Faith honest friend, I saw none such.

Thum. Pox o' these questions.

Thor. But if thou'lt goe with me, I may chance helpe to a sight of this Pageant. *Thum.* Heaven blesse your worship, and the sweet face of modicum in your company. *Exeunt.*

Enter Master Goldf. Mistresse Goldf.

Mis. To prison with your servants Husband, hang
Them all, unlesse they finde our daughters.
Gol. And I have sent to Sir *John Woodhamores*,
They may be with his Neece. *Mis.* They never us'd
Thus to absent themselves; Oh me unhappy!
Gol. Wee have been too indulgent.
Mis. I would have had them more restrain'd, yong wenches
That have so many sutors, grow soone wanton,
And throw off their obedience; had you been
Forward as I, they had been married;
And then wee had not suffered this perplexity.
I did commend an honorable man,
But your deliberation hath mar'd all,
And they were here agen— *Gol.* Have patience wife,
They are not lost for ever. *Mis.* No, no, lost?
They'l come agen, double I warrant you,
And perhaps treble, with some unthrift husbands,
Of their owne choosing. *Gol.* It does trouble me.
They were not us'd to walke abroad without
A servant, to waite on 'em. *Mis.* You must thinke
They have servants of their owne, for such a businesse,
Young maids have plentie of such waiting men,
And this has beene a long conspiracy, Ile lay my life.

Enter Servant.

Gol. What hast found 'em yet? *Ser.* I can heare no newes,
And Sir *Iohn Woodhamore* is much troubled Sir,
His Neece is gone too. *Gol.* Hey day! *Ser.* Sh'as been absent
Ever since morning. *Gol.* Precious, precious theeves!
Eugenias gone, lets have 'em cried together.
Mis. They that have found em, will too soone I feare,
After the property.
Gol. We shall keepe no virgins ith towne shortly.

Enter Woodhamore.

Welcome Sir *Iohn*.
Wood. Is not my Neece *Eugenia* here? *Gol.* Not here.
Mis. Wee have lost our daughters, and that's two for one.
Gol. Ours have been absent ever since the morning.

Nor

Nor can we ſtudy what's become on 'em
Wood. Is't poſſible? is there no plot in this?
Gol. Our ſervants have enquired in every place
Of our acquaintance. *Wood.* I will tell you Sir,
You doe remember Maſter *Tongrave.*
Gol. A ſervant of your Neeces; *Woo.* The ſame Sir
With my conſent, he tooke her forth this morning.
To marry her, I doe beleeve he has don't,
But it doth wracke my braine, why they ſhould ſtay thus,
They might have married, forty times by this.
Gol. You did perhaps deſire it private.
Woo. And he too. *Gol.* I will engage my life they are all (together.
Woo. Doe you thinke ſo?
Gol. I am confident, lets in to ſupper, and expect the beſt.
Enter Servant, and whiſpers Miſtreſſe Goldſworth.
What newes with him? *Miſ.* Tis ſomething that he ſayes.
Ser. I cannot find em. *Gol.* How?
Ser. But I have met a Gentleman, that can
Tel you ſome newes. *Gol.* That does concerne my daughters?
Ser. So he reports, he is a cunning man, I think a conjurer,
He talkes of art, and ſpirits.
Enter Caperwit like a Coniurer.
This is he Sir. *Cap.* Gentles in your troubled brow,
I read what you deſire to know,
Let no feare invade your heart;
I will tell by powerfull art,
Your Childrens fate, and where they are:
Know then, they are wandred farre,
Led by *Cupid* God of loves,
They have now arriv'd thoſe groves,
Where no happie ſoule can ſleepe,
Venus doth there revels keepe.
Conſecrating day and night,
To ſong, to kiſſes, and delight:
They in *Elyſium* breath, chſue whether,
They ſhall move thence, or you goe thither.
Woo. This is ſome Poeticall buſineſſe.

Mis. Sweet husband let us goe to 'em, I have heard Poets talke much of *Elysium*, I would faine see whither they be honest of their words or no. *Gol.* No it will befit them to come (to us.

Cap. It shall be so: harmonious straines,
That doe blesse those happy plaines;
Vsher them forth, and shame the spheares,
Charme with heavenlier notes our eares,
That when we see the lovers come,
We may beleeve *Elysium*
It selfe come hither, all those bowers,
And the shades of pleasure ours.

Recorders.

Enter mask'd Yongrave, Chrysolina, Gerard, Aurelia, Thornay Eugenia, Simple Bird, betweene every couple a torch carried, they march ouer the Stage, and Exeunt.

Gol. Who are all these?

Mis. I ghesse some of them, oh that I were in *Elysium*

Wood. What are they vanished? Another turne of your art Good Sir. *Cap.* Chime other musicke,

Enter the Maskers, and danse.

Wood. Now they will discover. Master *Yongrave?* I rejoyce To see you here, this is the Gentleman I prais'd so much, hee has Married now my Neece.

Yon. discovers.

Chris. But I must aske your blessing, wee are married,

Chris. unveiles.

Wood. Ha, another Sweetheart; I am abus'd, hee is a very Knave; where is my Neece?

Gol. Is hee worse for marrying of my child? nay, then my Blessing on you both, my sonne and daughter.

Mis. Where's *Aurelia*? *Aur.* Here Mother, I have met a Husband too, let us divide your Prayers---- soft Master *Caperwit* wee are married Sir already.

Aur. unveiles.

Ger. discovers.

Cap. How married? did not you promise mee?

Gol. Master *Gerard?* nay and it be no worse I care not rise to my heart. *Ger.* My duty shall deserve it, tis e'ne so, good Master *Caperwit* you must dance without her.

Cap. Have I made verses and studied speeches for this?

Mis. Since there is no remedy, I blesse you both, but I did wish---

Eug. unveiles.

Eug. Sir: if you will acknowledge your Neece,

you

You must accept a Nephew too; we are as fast as they.

Woo. Death! I am coozend, cheated, there is law.

Yon. And there is conscience. *Th.* Ile not give you a penny.

Yon. I will not publish Sir your avarice,

Wish em good joy. *Woo.* Well, tis done.

Tho. Yes faith Vncle, wee are coupled, man and wife.

Woo. Ile enquire how this came about hereafter;

Looke you love her Sir. *Tho.* As I will doe my soule.

Sim. Gentlemen, all is not yet discovered; there are a paire behind, worth taking notice of; doe y know Sir *Gervace Simple*, I am the man. *Thu. Simple* as he stands there.

Sim. And this is my Lady.--what does thy haire come off already. *Pag.* Your worship is a most egregious coxcombe.

Sim. A boy? Gentlemen, have I married a boy, or is shee metamorphis'd? *Yon.* Ha, ha, Master *Caperwits* Page.

Om. Give you joy Sir. *Pag.* The Bird is flowne indeed law.

Sim. Bird? they make a coxcombe of me.

Cap. I am glad somebody else is coozend beside my selfe; Nay, nay take her, there is a man within a mile of an Oake, I name no body, has had earnest of her body.

Sim. Bawdy quoth a, *Thumpe*, I will sell thee my Knighthood for halfe the mony it cost me, and turne Yeoman in the Country agen; why there is neither wit nor honesty in this.

Thu. Be ruld by me, lets to some Taverne, and Drinke away melancholy.

Sim. I, and then we may steale away disguisd, a match!

Tho. Nay, nay, lets all together, and make a merry night on t, *Sim.* Why how now *Thumpe*, are you sneaking away?

Gol. Lets all together.

Ge. But first we must the licence of these Gentlemen.

Epi-

Epilogus.

OVr Poet knowes you will be just, but we
Appeale to mercy, he desires that yee
Would not distaste his Muse, because of late
Transplanted, which would grow here, if no fate
Have an unlucky bode opinion
Comes bitter but on crutches yet, the Sun
Hath lent no beame to warme us, if this Play
Proceed more fortunate, wee shall blesse the day,
And love that brought you hither; tis in you
To make a little sprigge of Laurel grow,
And spread into a grove, where you may sit,
And heare soft stories, when by blasting it,
You gaine no honour, though our ruines lye
To tell the spoiles of your offended eye:
If not for what we are, for alas here
No Roscious moves to charme your eyes, or eare,
Yet as you hope hereafter to see Playes,
Encourage us and give our Poet bayes. *Exeunt.*

FINIS.